TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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The Riviera--No. 3.

All the really and truly fashionable world goes to the Riviera and as there is no law to prevent the curious and the unfashionable from doing likewise, Mrs. Don and myself set out one rainy evening from influenza-stricken Genoa to see what fools these eminently fashionable mortals be and how and where

MENTONE.

they live in their gay winter season. As I did not know just what the Riviera was and as a few of my readers may have been as careless and ill informed as myself concerning this fashionable resort, I shall append a foot note from Baedeker* to supplement my own remarks. The Riviera, according to the maps, stretches along the Mediterranean from Nice to Pisa. The French portion of it lies between Nice and Ventimiglia, on the Italian border; the Riviera Levante between Genoa and Pisa is least frequented, that portion between San Remo and Nice being the most popular.

Expecting to see the scenery, which is really grand, on my return trip, I went to sleep and woke up at San Remo about eleven o'clock. A porter carried the family valise to the Hotel Royal which had been described as desirable and near to the railway station. It was near enough but the road wound through a great unlighted and terraced garden and went up a steep hill which was mighty hard to climb. The porter rang the bell, for the door of the large house was shut and the windows dark, and we stood humbly without, wondering if we were committing an impropriety by calling at such a fashionable tavern at so late an hour. A frowsy porter finally permitted us to enter. I attempted to converse with him in English with regard to some amicable arrangement for a room and had gone so far as to even intimate that if the terms were easy for spot cash we might be induced to invest in breakfast for two, before I was made aware that he did not understand a word I had said. Then I sprung that lame but cheerful Spanish of mine on him. It had gone all right in Genoa and on the train but it was no good in San Remo. Our attitude of sad expectancy, coupled with a bulging valise and the lateness of the hour, at last suggested to him that we had not merely called to inquire about the health of the proprietor and he left us standing in the hall while he awoke a still more frowsy young man who in a whisper told us to follow him. Up one flight of handsome stairs into a long hall, carpeted ankle deep, we went followed by the imbecile with the valise. A green baize door was noiselessly opened, another door swung back, two tall candles were lighted and we were told that that was our room. We had guessed it by that time but it was comforting to know that there could be no mistake. I whispered to the young man that a biscuit or bun or a banana or a bottle of beer or a sausage or all of them or anything would be welcome after a long journey. He said it was very late but he would try. A bottle of beer and some wafers were the result, and judging from the time he was gone and the size of the item on the bill next morning, they must have been hard to find. It was a queer experience for eleven o'clock at night, but San Remo is a place for

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invalids and I suppose if a lodger sneezed above his breath or otherwise disturbed the quiet of Hotel Royal he would be instantly ejected, for it is well ordered and there is nothing frowsy about its servants in daylight.

Next morning was gloriously bright and we discovered our hotel, its garden and the view over the sea to have been worth coming to see. San Remo—celebrated among other things as the place where Germany's well loved Fritz suffered so bravely while the doctors were quarreling as to what was the matter with his throat—though not a large city is an exceedingly picturesque and healthy one. Its seventeen thousand people are crowded into the twenty-seven large hotels, the innumerable pensions, the elegant villas and the tall, old-fashioned houses which keep the sun from shining into the narrow streets of the quaint town. The mountain roads are lovely, and if I were to winter on the Riviera I should stay in San Remo or at Mentone, not far away but across the French line.

Mentone is as pretty as the enchanted city in a fairy tale. Like nearly all the watering places along the Riviera its charming villas, grand hotels and almost palatial pensions cluster at the base of the mountains, climb up to bold heights and curve about the blue waters of a quiet bay. Its clean streets are bright with shops, and if I had had money enough to stand it I would have liked to put in a month of real rest in that soft air blessed with such lovely views of mountain, sea and queer old houses that look with comfortable welcome at the stranger, even from the back alleys. As it was we stayed four hours, saw all there was to be seen from the outside, including the house where Queen Victoria lives in this her favorite winter resort, and then moved on to Monte Carlo, where we dined in Hotel des Anglais. I mention this hotel because it is exceedingly comfortable, and unless the guest behaves himself with great modesty the clerks will size him up as having money to sell and make his bill as big as a mortgage on a railroad. The people who live in Monte Carlo are on the make. Gambling being the chief industry, minor enterprises, such as hotel keeping, are conducted on much the same system. I had been told that Monte Carlo was expensive and intended to confide in the landlord that I only wanted to stay there about twenty dollars' worth, but he was so polite and seemed so anxious to make us comfortable, no matter at what personal sacrifice of his own, that I simply murmured something about not wanting a very expensive room and let him do the rest. I was in hopes, however, that he might notice the battered valise, decorated all over with the gay show cards of hotels, transfer companies, steamers and railways from Toronto to San Remo, and the fragments of two umbrellas which I had broken and then stuffed under the satchel straps. Subsequent developments indicated that he must have ignored all these evidences of hard times and frugality, or else if we had had any large baggage our railway trip must have come to an abrupt end at Monte Carlo, to be followed by a walking tour to a cheaper town to wait for a "remittance from home." We were glad to hear that there are hotels in Monte Carlo still dearer, yet I cannot say that any of them are higher than a swell house in a fashionable American watering place, if any caution or skill be shown in ordering extras.

About eight o'clock we visited the Casino. It stands in smallish grounds—there isn't much room in the little sea-and-mountain-girt valley and upland point in which, and on which, Monte Carlo stands—but the foliage and flowers, guarded by nightly coverings from the frost, are exceedingly fine. The Casino itself is a beautiful piece of architecture and inside is adorned with frescoes, paintings and statuary by some of the best artists. The gambling halls, one of which, where roulette is played, is shown in the photogravure on this page, are commodious and fitted up regardless of expense or results. No fee is charged to get in, and it is fortunate for some of those who try their luck that they can get out on the same easy conditions, or some of them would have to stay in. The only formality before entering is to put up your umbrella, present your visiting card to a clerk in the office and receive a ticket of admission good for one day. I suppose it is necessary to have some means of identifying those who go broke and crazy and in despair shoot themselves out in the grounds. It happens not infrequently, and occasions scandal. The managers try to persuade people not to commit suicide, and they have been known to give unfortunates from fifty to one hundred pounds to take them home rather than have their corpses to take care of. Indeed, it is said that smart fellows have worked the "threatened suicide" act in order to get a new stake, and have fooled these clever gamblers to their intense disgust.

I do not understand the game of roulette and it is quite expensive to learn it by experience. The table is divided into thirty-five or forty numbered squares, and one side of the table is red and one black. The stakes, none less than one dollar at the cheapest table, are placed either on the sides where betting is even or on the squares where, if you win, you get thirty-five times as much as you put up. A little ball is spun around a place like a basin in the center

Gambling.

of the table, and this is lined with numbers and two colors to match those on the table. If it stops at "17 red," the one who has his pile on the square numbered 17 wins thirty-five times his stake, and the red side of the board also wins. This is not very exact, as there are all kinds of splits in betting, but it gives a sufficient idea of the game. There were about a dozen of these roulette tables all going at once, with seats around them for two dozen people; not a chair was vacant, and crowds stood behind the sitters two and three deep, watching the play and occasionally risking five francs or as many Napoleons. The intensity of some of the gamblers is painful, the nonchalance of others equally extraordinary. Some of the amateurs got struck all of a heap when they lost fifteen or twenty dollars; others lost a thousand without seeming to think that their fun was a bit too expensive.

Talk about boys and young men striking the pace that kills and going to ruin at Monte Carlo—old women are the worst gamblers in the place and young ones come next. Their stakes as a rule are not very high, but they stay with the game all day and all night till the doors are closed. Gambling, no doubt, is wicked and foolish at best, but to see women at it, sitting hour after hour with a card in front of them marking their winnings and losings, and playing on a system which might be good enough to keep them from "going broke" as quickly as a plunger might, but not good enough to keep them from the final ruin which comes to everyone who sticks to the game, is sickening to me. Men may have no right to expect better things of women than from their fellow-men, but they do all the same, and it makes us sorry for the weaker sex when we see them doing systematically the naughty things we may try to excuse ourselves for attempting once in a while as an educational experiment. Once a gambler makes a little money, he or she is sure to tempt Fortune some more, and loses. One young fellow won a great pile of gold while I was watching him. He had a "system" and kept on playing till every franc was gone. Then he tackled what was evidently his reserve purse—the money he had put away, not to be risked. That, too, melted inside of five minutes. He sat still for a moment and then fished out of a back pocket a solitary gold piece, the last of that bright hand he had brought with him. The croupier raked it off. His face flushed, then paled, and rising from the table he left the room, I'm willing to bet, without a sou in his clothes. Resolutions and reserve purses are no good in a gambling room like that of Monte Carlo, and I know of no place where a good resolution will stand so little pressure.

Wandering into another room, we found another game quite as well patronized as roulette. "Thirty and Forty" I think they call it. Baccarat, I imagine, is not unlike it, but I am not posted on the technicalities of gambling, and could find no one to tell me about it. The only way is to sit right in with the rest or else stay away. From such sights as those at Monte Carlo I am firmly convinced it is wisest to stay away. If I were passing that whirlpool of chance and sorrow to-morrow or a year from now I should not get off the train. I've had enough.

Next day was Sunday, but the gambling went on just the same. Gifted men and well born women, young and old, bad and worse, innocent and case-hardened, sight seers and gamesters crowded the gilded halls, and the croupiers paid out gold and raked it in just as if there were no God and no Sunday. In the theater of the Casino a great orchestra of nearly forty instruments gave a symphony concert, admission to which was free. I am not a strict Sabbatarian, but I didn't like it. Every nation in Europe has abolished gambling as it is carried on in Monte Carlo, and as it was once carried on in Baden Baden, Wiesbaden and half a dozen other places not many years ago. The pretty state of Monaco, in which Monte Carlo is situated, has only 5¾ square miles of territory, and belongs to a princeling who makes great wealth out of the gambling which he permits in his small domain.

Monaco is little and wicked, but it claims to be the most fashionable place in Europe, and the women who frequent it are the best dressed in the world. It is even said that Monte Carlo and Nice set the styles for Paris. This feature I admired, for what in nature or art can excite greater admiration than a beautifully dressed woman. The toilettes were superb, but the faces, though fair, were not sweet nor good, and what is a gay gown worth to a woman who has lost the charm of pure womanliness? I include in the pictures I send one of the city of Monaco, separated partially from Monte Carlo by a narrow bay. It stands high on a rocky promontory and is wonderfully picturesque. I left Monte Carlo with the settled conviction that while it is possible to beat the game in the Casino for a few rounds, no one can invent a scheme for getting ahead of the hotels. One night do it by fobbling the spoons, but even in Monaco that is considered dishonest as well as dangerous.

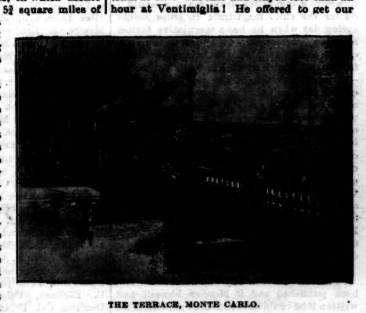
The ride to Nice was delightful even on the train. It takes but forty minutes and forty cents. There is a beautiful carriage road, but it costs six dollars and six hours to go that way and consequently I preferred the train. Nice is a handsome and well kept city, considerably cheaper to live in than Mentone or Monte Carlo but expensive enough, so American residents told me. It has sixty-five or seventy thousand inhabitants and no effort is spared to make it attractive to strangers. Gambling, though not carried on so openly, is

MONACO.

one of the curses of the place. The streets are clean, the hotels good, the theater immense, and the shops particularly lovely. The number of strangers who live in Nice is very large and apparently the ladies all patronize the dressmakers, for there are whole streets of them and the windows are filled with beautiful gowns. Nice, however, doesn't wear. I know of no French city that does. Even Paris palls after a week or so unless one plunges into the vortex of its dissipation or isolates oneself from it by earnest study or artistic devotion. Nice is a miniature Paris. Every year it is becoming more of a Brussels, more of a winter photograph of the French capital. At the Grand Hotel one hundred and thirty of us sat down to the *table d'hote* on Sunday evening, three long lines of people who did not care for one another or for anybody except themselves and their near kin. It was not a gay scene nor a merry one for me; I do not care for parade when I am hungry; like the boy at the charity dinner, what I want is "vittals." We were not badly fed but *table d'hote* is not my style. Give me a little place by myself or with room enough for those I like, and poor fare is more welcome than a dozen courses with long waits between and the sad thought that one has bought more than can be consumed without gout on the morrow.

Mrs. Don and I had an enjoyable day staring into shop windows and exploring the charming promenades of Nice. We thought we would like to winter there at first but the notion wore out. Nice is growing too gay, it is too fast. Enjoyable it certainly is, but only for a short time. German watering-places are tenfold better organized; Italian cities are not dearer nor sunnier but they lack that indescribable something which taints the air with its conspicuous immorality.

We had a queer experience with trains at Nice. I took elaborate pains to find out when we could leave on a fast express and 5.06 p.m. was given as the last and best. The bill was paid, including bus hire, and we went to the station but the agent would not sell a ticket for Genoa; no train till 12.40, midnight. Back again to the hotel, red-hot we went, but the concierge and manager both insisted that there was a train at that hour and the hotel was not to blame. I was almost bulldozed into the belief that the railway official was wrong and suffered myself to be persuaded into going in the morning at six something, as the night train was slow and stayed three hours at Ventimiglia. By and by a waiter came into our room and explained that we had been sold; there was no train at 5.06 and we had been held "to make business." Moreover, the night train at 12.40 was fast and stayed less than an hour at Ventimiglia! He offered to get our



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second bill and I was anxious to see it. It charged us with everything except meals and petty larceny. He advised us to take the night train and we would escape room rent and everything but the candles. Thus for three francs of a tip I managed to skip a bill of seven times that amount. I suppose he makes money giving the house away on its petty swindle, but the hotel must be hard up to try to hold its guests on such a scheme. I told the manager he ought to be a lion-tamer; a man with so much nerve is wasting his time keeping hotel.

The night ride back to Genoa was not unbroken or altogether pleasant but we found the

waiter correct in his statements. Of course it was raining in Genoa but Hotel de la Ville looked homelike. When we left for Pisa in the afternoon every menial in the place was on deck waiting for a tip. The hotels are not well patronized this winter on the Riviera or anywhere in Italy, and the servants have to work hard at the door when Jones goes out to make an honest living. What I have learned is largely this: Where everybody goes it is not worth going, but to go where everybody is expected and few have gone is risking one's last dime. DON.

THE RIVIERA—the narrow sea border of Liguria, divided by Genoa into an eastern and a larger western half (Riviera di Ponente) which belongs to France, from Ventimiglia westwards, is one of the most picturesque regions of Italy. It affords a delightful variety of landscape, bold and lofty promontories alternating with wooded hills, and richly cultivated plains near the coast. At places the road passes precipitous and frowning cliffs, washed by the surf of the Mediterranean, while the summits are crowned with the venerable ruins of towers erected in bygone ages for protection against pirates. At other places extensive plantations of olives, with their grotesque and grassed stems, bright green pine forests and luxuriant growths of figs, vines, citrons, oranges, oleanders, myrtles and aloes meet the view, and even palms are occasionally seen. Many of the towns are charmingly situated in fertile spots or on picturesque hills; others, commanded by ancient strongholds, are perched like nests among the rocks. Little churches and chapels peering from the umbre foliage of cypresses and gigantic grey pinnacles of rock frowning upon the smiling plains, frequently enhance the charms of the scenery, while the vast expanse of the Mediterranean with its ever-varying hues, forms one of the chief attractions. At one time the sea is lashed in a fold of sunshine, at another its beautiful blue color arrests the eye; or while the shore immediately below the spectator is lashed with wild breakers, the snowy crests of the waves are gradually softened to view in the purple distance. On some parts of the route, especially between Savona and Loano, and between San Remo and Nice, many travelers will prefer to quit the railway with its tiresome succession of tunnels in order to enjoy a drive on the picturesque road.

Around Town

Hiding into the city on a train from the west, one comes through a patch of open country freckled over with tall, narrow houses that seem to have stolen away from the city and got frozen in the deep snow on the wide common. They are usually red brick houses, long and deep, but crowded upon a twenty-foot frontage on one of the imaginary streets that run across the mis-used and perverted peafields of the locality indicated. Their squeezed-up, carefully pared appearance only aggravates the idleness of the unoccupied land around them, for why should those houses pinch and cramp themselves like that when every brick in their make-up could have street frontage for the asking? Looking at them, I feel a longing to hit them each a crack on the ridge-board and flatten them out, even if the result should be a negligent and unconfined heap of brick and green hemlock lumber. While the snow is on the ground they look like a few slices of brown bread standing on edge upon a table covered with flour, and as they shiver there with bare, unwindowed sides leaning up against a fictitious row of houses on the left and another fictitious row of houses on the right, they suggest that perhaps some monster man with a monster knife sliced them out of some street in the city and slapped them down there meaning not to cool off, and forgot to take them in until now they are frozen stiff in the bleak winds and covered with a chill mantle of snow. To me those houses are haunted—haunted with the uneasy ghost of the late boom, for out there it died its tragic death from a broken back, and out there these winter nights its afflicted spirit moans and writhes and coils around those skinny, straggling houses that mark the scene of its death. Being on good terms with this ghost I am commissioned to say that nothing will "lay it" until an old-fashioned stake-and-rider rail fence is built half way between the city and the Junction, running continuously from the lake shore to a point parallel with the northerly city limits, where may be found the hollow stump of a beech tree. Nothing else will settle this ghost, for a real estate boom dead or alive cannot climb over an old-fashioned snake fence with hard sense in its every rail.

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Had this suggestion emanated from another source and had Mayor Fleming no connection with the real estate business himself, I am sure he would at once send a number of men into the woods to take out rails for the proposed fence. It is the very sort of suggestion that would entrance him, so simple and homely is it, and so efficacious. But it would never do to accept a suggestion from me, nor would it do for the chief magistrate on some bright spring day when he has a speculative farmer helplessly mesmerized with his prattling eloquence and intoxicated with being so suddenly familiar with such a set of fine black whiskers—it would never do for the farmer at such a critical moment to throw a leg over a rail fence and recover his good judgment and refuse to pay twenty dollars a foot for lot Q, plan B, a mile and a half from everywhere. I have no hope of seeing rail fences restored to the bare commons from which they were so quickly and carefully carted away in the glorious morning of the late land picnic, unless some vengeful victim puts such a fence around his purchase and makes of it a family burial plot, resolving to inter his remains where he sunk his cash. It would just be like the nature of some of these injudicious speculators to die on their disappointing claims.

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Judge Jette's minority report has at last been published and if Mercier himself had written it he could have produced nothing more to his liking. It is a thorough vindication of that gentleman and a condemnation of Pacaud and Armstrong. Judges Baby and Davidson who brought in the first report fiercely condemning the dismissed Premier are known as men who at one time were active Conservatives and Judge Jette was once an active Reformer. This split-off on straight party lines among the judges invalidates the whole investigation conducted by them and leaves partizanship hotter than it was and no wiser as to the merits of the case. The situation gives Mercier a chance to say that if a majority of the commission had not been Conservative he would have been fully vindicated and his ministry sustained instead of dismissed, therefore his vicissitudes have all been imposed upon him by the trickery of the enemy. Now that he is acquitted of any personal knowledge or participation in the Baie des Chaleurs swindle by an eminent judge, it will not be difficult for the Nationalist leader to regain the full force of his recent strength, for those who have held aloof were only half-hearted in their dissidence and secretly anxious for a pretext that would permit reconciliation without serious discredit. There are some, no doubt, who will say that the three upright judges mistrusted each other and fought a two-to-one party fight in the sombre chamber where they held their deliberations. Reform critics have not hesitated to charge that Baby and Davidson rushed forward their interim report during the illness of Jette and at the evil commands of a wicked Tory Lieutenant-Governor—that there was collusion between those two judges and the representative of the Crown, for that they visited Spencerwood with no intention of making a report but while there were prevailed upon to hastily draw up a makeshift scrap of a document on which Angers took predetermined action. Conservative critics will scarcely hesitate just now to point out that Judge Jette admits that he originated the proposal for an interim report, but disagreed with his colleagues on the terms of it. From this they may insinuate that the judge of Reform extraction craftily held back and allowed the others to show their hands and say their say while he held his peace in behalf of his friends until he could say what would do the most good at the time when it would do the most good. His long silence seems in any other way inexplicable.

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The retirement of Judge Mathieu from the second commission is bound to be explained by the altogether speculative statement that he is too straight a man to do the party bidding in this emergency. Judge Jette's report is pitted against the discoveries and opinions of the other five judges on the two commissions, and the fact is significant that he is the only one of the six with Reform antecedents. People who think politics are profaning every institution of the country cannot be blamed for citing this as evidence. MACK.

Social and Personal.

The largest society event of last week was the annual conversazione of Trinity College, which always attracts an immense attendance of nice people. The arrangements were more complete than usual this year, and the two new rooms in the west wing which were used as dancing rooms relieved the Convocation Hall of some of the myriads of dancers—though even then, the entrance to the latter chamber was at times a complete blockade of struggling men and women. The concert, with which the evening proper commenced at 8:30, was very enjoyable, and was embellished by the contributions of Mrs. Mackelcan, Madame de Chandeneds and the Rev. E. P. Crawford. During the concert the throng in the Convocation Hall was very large, and the surplus guests who failed to find standing room wandered about the long corridors, chatted in the numerous corners, or danced in the lecture rooms. The arrangement of electric bells and bugle calls, which I noticed at Osgoode Hall, added much to the comfort of the bewildered men who charged through the crowds in search of their elusive partners.

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A few of the invited guests were: His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Marjorie Campbell, the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, the Bishop of Algoma, Mrs. and the Misses Sullivan, the Bishop of Niagara, Mrs. and the Misses Hamilton, Chief Justice Galt, Mrs. and Miss Galt, Chief Justice Hagarty, Mr. Justice Burton, Mrs. and Miss Burton, Mr. Justice Ferguson, Mrs. and the Misses Ferguson, Mr. Justice Osler, Mrs. and the Misses Osler, Hon. the Attorney-General, Mrs. and Miss Mowat, Hon. G. W. Allan and Mrs. Allan, Sir Daniel Wilson and Miss Wilson, Prof. Goldwin Smith and Mrs. Smith, Ven. Archdeacon Boddy and Mrs. Boddy, Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Sir William P. Howland, Hon. D. Macdonald and Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ambery, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Armour, Mr. and Mrs. V. Armstrong, Mrs. Arkle, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Mercer Adam, Prof. and Mrs. Ashley, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. J. G. L. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. L. Baldwin, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Brough, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses R Bethune, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses W. H. Beatty, Mrs. and Miss Bickford, Rev. Mr., Mrs. and Miss Broughall, Mrs. and the Misses and Messrs. J. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Botsford, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. C. Baines, Mr., Mrs., the Misses and Messrs. Beardmore, Mr. A. C. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce and the Misses Bruce, of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Brock, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Bunting, Mr. C. Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mr. A. Blackwood, Messrs. Boddy, Mrs. Benson, Mr. H. H. Bedford-Jones, Mr. D. A. Bacon, Rev. Canon Cayley, Mrs. and the Misses Cayley, Miss Brooks, Mr., Mrs. and Miss H. Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mr. C. Cockburn, Mrs. H. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. W. Cummings, Dr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mr. C. J. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Coxby, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Cassels, Mr. F. Cayley, Mr. W. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cameron, Rev. Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin, the Misses DuMoulin, Messrs. DuMoulin, Principal and Mrs. Dick-on, Mr. C. Dickson, Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Col. F. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Miss Darling, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Homer Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Delafosse, Mrs. and Miss Dalton, Miss Dunlop, Miss Denroche, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ellis, Major and Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Columbus Greene, Miss Grier, Mr. and Mrs. L. Gordon, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Col. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. A. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Galt, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Galt, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. G. Geddes, Dr. Geikie, Capt. and Mrs. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Gwynne, Mr. H. Gamble, Mr. P. Goldingham, Mr. and Mrs. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. G. Hagarty, Miss Hagarty, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Howard, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Harman, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Harman, Mr. C. A. Howard, Mrs. and the Misses J. Heward, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Mr. S. A. Heward, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mrs. Henderson, Mr. Chas. Hamilton, the Misses Hugel, Dr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Æ Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Hebden, the Misses and Messrs. Hendrie, Mrs. and Miss Hoskin, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ince, jr., Mr. James Ince, the Misses Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. W. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. C. Jones, Rev. Septimus, Mrs. and Miss Jones, Mr. F. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. G. Jones, Dr. and Mrs. Ogden Jones, Mr., Mrs. J. C. and Miss Kemp, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Judge Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. Kingsmill, Miss Kirbey, Dr. and Mrs. Langtry, the Misses Langtry, Mr. and Mrs. Frazer Lefroy, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Langmuir, the Messrs. Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Lumsden, Mr., Mrs. and Miss D'Alton McCarthy, Mr. Laurie McCarthy, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. H. Merritt, Mrs. and Miss McCaul, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Huson Murray, Mr. and Mrs. G. Mackenzie, Mrs. and Miss Moss, Judge Morgan, Mrs. and the Misses Morgan, Mr. Matthews, Mr. and the Misses C. A. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Moberly, Dr. and Mrs. Mockridge, Dr., Mrs. and the Misses McMicking, Capt. and Mrs. McDougall, Mrs. McGrath, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McMurrich, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. F. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. F. Mackelcan, of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt, Col., Mrs. and Miss Newbigging, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Osler, Mrs. and Miss E. B. Osler, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses O'Brien, Col., Mrs. and Miss Otter, Mr. and Mrs. J. Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. A. Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. T. Pepler, Dr. Pepler, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Patteson, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. H. Patterson, Miss A. Plumb, Mr. and Mrs. C. Robinson, Miss Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Ridout, Mrs. and Miss Small, Messrs Small, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Grayson Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Snelling, Dr. and Mrs. Larratt Smith, the Misses Smith, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Sweeny, Mrs. Strachan, Mrs. John and Miss Strachan, Mrs. and the Misses Shanly, Mr. C. N. Shanly, Mr. and Mrs. D. Saunders, Miss Strange, Mrs. and the Misses Seymour, Miss Spratt, Miss C. Strickland, Miss K Stevenson, Miss Spragg, Mr. A. Sweatman, the Misses Steen, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Temple, Mr. R. W. Thomas, Mr. K. and Miss Tully, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tait, Prof. and Mrs. Vandersmissen, Miss Veals, Mrs. Wymans, Mr. and Miss Wilkie, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Wragge, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mr. Wyatt, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Yorke.

*

Mrs. Justice Osler looked handsome and dignified in black satin, with steel passementerie; Mrs. Scott-Howard, white satin; Miss Swabey, a very dainty mauve frock; Mrs. Woods, white tulle and satin; Mrs. H. Merritt, pale blue, with pink roses; Miss Bethune, mauve tinseled *chiffon*; Miss Dumoulin, pink silk and roses; Miss Homer Dixon, a charming mauve gown, with delicate garniture of small pink flowers; Miss Sloane, a becoming pink gown; Miss Dora Bright, white *merv* and *chiffon*; Mrs. Fitzgibbon, mauve satin and black lace; Miss Walker, rose bengaline and jewelled passementerie; Miss Bogart, green with white *chiffon*; Miss Ferguson, black lace, velvet bodice and pink ribbons; Miss Eva Langtry, pale blue *crepon*; Miss Laing, black satin; Miss Seymour, pink; Miss Mabel Ince, pink and garnet; Mrs. Harry Paterson, blue *crepon* and *berthe* of ostrich feathers; Mrs. A. Nordheimer, white and gold; Miss Bunting, pale blue tinseled gauze; Miss Davies, pink and white; Miss Hodgins, pale blue.

*

Mr. John J. Helliwell of E. R. C. Clarkson's is in Woodstock this week on business.

*

The dance which was to have taken place at Mrs. Pearson's, 546 Sherbourne street, on Thursday, February 25, has been changed to Monday evening next, the 22nd.

*

The City Travelers' concert and dance on the 12th was one of the happiest efforts of the season. The programme for the concert and dance was gotten up in very pretty and original style, consisting of a decorated spread fan of celluloid, over three faintly tinted fans containing the programmes. To the committee, consisting of Messrs. Beaddle, Piper, Gallow, Fletcher, Thompson, Dimmock, Park, Crean, Morlay, Martin, Lynd and Owen, great praise is accorded for their complete and successful arrangements, and a very delightful evening rewarded their well directed efforts. One of the features of the evening was a waltz to the music of the Toronto hand bell ringers, which those who enjoyed it will not soon forget. Gilonna's band played also a lively polka, dedicated to the City Travelers by the leader of the orchestra. Miss Bessie Bonsall, Mrs. McCallum and Messrs. Dimmock, Warrington, Park and Corrie contributed charming selections to the concert programme. Among the prettiest gowns worn were, a pale pink with feather trimming, which well became Mrs. Warren of Jacksonville, Fla. Miss Barron, cream silk, gold passementerie and *chiffon*; Miss Cawker of Detroit, cream silk, yellow *chiffon*; Mrs. Wm. Park, black silk and lace with diamonds; Miss B. Gibson, pale blue cashmere, trimmed with lace and gold passementerie; Mrs. C. Miller of New York wore an elegant gown of cream silk and jeweled embroidery, with diamonds; Miss Sinclair, pale pink *merv* and feathers; Miss McPherson, pale blue satin, *chiffon* and Swansdown. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. James Adams, Miss M. Allen, Miss Armstrong, Mr. J. J. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Browlow, Mr. John Burns, Mrs. Jno. Brown, Mr. S. D. Bradshaw, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Broomhall, Mr. and Mrs. F. Butcher, Miss Butcher, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Balfour, Mr. R. and Miss Barron, Mr. G. Barron, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Booth, Mr. W. K. Booth, Miss Blanche Cass, Mr. H. Coates, Mr. C. Coats, Mr. H. E. Clemmes, Mr. R. W. Corrie, Mr. D. W. Clarke, Mr. G. C. Crean, Mr. E. H. Copp, Miss Cooper, Miss Cherry, Miss Cockburn, Miss Cawker, Mr. and Mrs. E. Cashmore, Mr. A. V. Cashmore, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Cashmore, Mr. M. F. Cline, Mr. M. T. Dubois, Mr. and Mrs. C. Dimmock, Mr. W. T. Dash, Miss Dodd, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Fairbairn, Mr. M. D. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. C. Farewell, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fletcher, Mr. and Miss Graham, Miss Gibson, Miss P. Greene, Miss Glass, Mrs. F. Gallow, Miss Mabel Glover, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hoar, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Harris, Mr. and Miss Hayden, Miss Henderson, Miss Harwood, Miss Harris, Mr. and Miss Hall, Mr. Hutchison, Mr. P. R. Hamblin, Mr. A. Irving, Mr. James Ince, Mr. Lawson, Miss Jones, Mr. Longbottom, Mr. Fred Leyden, Miss M. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. R. Maxwell, Mr. and Miss Mortimer, Mr. and Mrs. L. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Morrish, Mr. J. Miller, Miss Nellie Miner, Mr. and Miss MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. T. Nicholson, Mr. T. McEachran, Mr. F. McIlweyn, Miss F. McPherson, Miss L. Major, Miss McKenna, Miss Northy, Mr. A. McBean, Mr. Hugh McLean, Mr. E. B. Oke, Mr. J. Pugsley, Mr. J. Park, Mr. and Mrs. W. Park, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Park, the Misses Patterson, Miss R. Prudhomme, Mrs. Peacock, Mr. Rupert, Mr. Roche, Mr. Roome, Mr. J. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. Ramsay, the Misses Ruttan, Mr. V. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Sloan, Mr. W. B. Smith, Mr. C. E. Somers, Mr. Sharkey, Mr. and Mrs. C. Shields, Mr. A. E. Saunders, Mr. C. Spencer, Mr. W. Stitt, Miss Sinclair, Miss Scarlett, Miss Sinson, Miss Saunders, Miss Taylor, Miss Taggart, Mr. Henry Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Webber, Mr. F. B. Woodman, Mr. Oscar Wenborne, Miss Warren, Mr. and Miss Young, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Woods.

*

On Wednesday evening, February 10, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Unitt entertained a few of Mr. Unitt's Masonic friends at dinner, at his residence 63 Grange avenue, Toronto. During the evening, ex-Mayor Clarke, on behalf of those present and others, presented V. W. Bro. Carkeek with a gold-headed cane suitably enscribed, he being about to leave Toronto to reside in Detroit. All present bore testimony to V. W. Bro. Carkeek's unceasing efforts on behalf of Masonry and more especially to his work in Rehoboam Lodge. The V. W. Bro. made a suitable reply, and hoped that he would soon have the pleasure of again meeting his Masonic friends in Toronto. Among those present were: R. W. Bro. R. L. Patterson, V. W. Bros. Francis Gallow and A. W. Carkeek, W. Bros E. F. Clarke, Malcolm Gibbs, Richard Dinnis, Andrew Park, J. C. Thompson, William Bain, W. J. Graham, John S. Ballantyne, and Angus Macbean and Bros. Arthur Dinnis, Fred Armstrong, R. Cureston, W. Harp, Dr. Clouse, A. Forrester, D. D. Grierson and M. Ledley.

*

Mr. T. Mower Martin lectured to an appreciative audience last Thursday evening, at the Art Gallery, subject, The Poet and the Painter.

*

Mrs. B G. Foley, late of Peterborough, has removed to Toronto, and will make her home at the Elliott House.

*

Mr. R. H. Jarvis has severed his connection with the Federal Assurance Co. and cast in his lot with the Ontario Mutual. Previous to his change of office, his fellow-workers and office friends of the Federal and Webster's Steamship Agency presented him with a very handsome pipe and pair of slippers. Mr. Jarvis can take comfort evenings now, and remember his friends by his ain fireside.

*

Master Hallie Day, of Jarvis street, entertained about fifty of his little friends on the evening of his birthday. A most enjoyable time was spent in games and refreshments.

*

A smoking concert by the young men of St. Margaret's church will be held next Tuesday evening.

*

Among the guests at Trinity College conversazione was the genial Bishop of Ohio and his attendant chaplain.

*

The French Club meets this evening at the residence of Mrs. Wilson, 79 Pembroke street. Some new members, who are decided acquisitions, have joined the company of The Owls this winter.

*

Mrs. Esten Fletcher's dance was a most enjoyable affair. The hostess is extremely popular and repaid by her gracious hospitality a great deal of attention received by her this winter.

*

Miss Pauline Johnson's recital was one of the most interesting literary events which has occurred in the annals of Toronto society. That the interest was due to the personality of the artist and not to any chance circumstances rendered it all the stronger and more pleasant.

*

A party of well-wishers responded to the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ahrens last Mon-

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Ladies' Silk Gloves for Evening Wear
12, 16, 20 and 24 Buttons Length, in all the newest shades.
GENTLEMEN'S DRESS KID GLOVES

Suede Gloves for Evening Wear
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THE MOST FASHIONABLE PATTERNS
JAMES BAIN & SON, 39 King St. E., Toronto

The Rage for Rags

SO CALLED a cynical and slightly *passee* lady, the present style of material in evening dress goods. Certainly *chiffon* is the French for rag, but anything more unsuggestive of rags than a *chiffon* dress in its pristine loveliness could hardly be conceived. However, the "rag" has had its day, or its night rather, and by next season some clever French *modiste* will bring forward some other delightful fa'ric. The newest importations are decidedly pretty—those fair French delaines I mean, which one sees in all the shop windows, and which range in price from thirty to sixty cents the yard. Very *chic* and stylish patterns are the delicate wreaths of tiny flowers, tied together with the coque'tish little true-lover's knot of narrow ribbons. I saw a charming one in a Yonge street window yesterday, side by side with an even more dainty and beautiful design, of a bunch of faint-hued wild flowers just falling apart. I can fancy some sweet girl in one of those dainty gowns next season, and I am feasting my imagination on the sight in store for me.

•

Easter bonnets will be largely mauve trimmed. Violets, crocuses and snowdrops are favorite flowers, as Easter comes early this year. I had a peep at a spring costume, of black-colored serge to-day, trimmed with bronze velvet. The chapeau which goes with it is of bronze straw, with yellow and purple crocuses and bronze ribbons. It seemed rather early to select an Easter dress, but the wise woman takes time by the bangs, reads up her fashion books, and just as soon as the cases are open buys her gown and has it made while the dressmakers are slack. Needless to remark, the hat I described to you just now was a "picture hat" in the literal sense of the word, for it was only a picture, but the hats were coming and will soon be here.

•

The beautiful, artistic and economical princess dress has the floor. A pretty model is ever so slightly draped in two tiny pleats back of either hip. It buttons a little double-breasted to an inch below the waist line, then the front lies over in a flap and is again buttoned on the side for ten or twelve inches further down, which provides enough placquet and waist room to get in and out. The sleeves are buttoned upon the inner seam nearly to the elbow, and above that the goods is folded and draped voluminously. The pearl buttons which decorated the light gray tweed model which I am quoting, were rather costly, running as high as $1 50 and $2 00 the dozen.

•

Raised cords of black stripe the fine wools of light color and lightest weight in a most effective way. New Bedford cords, not too heavy for spring wear, are wrought all over with tiny spots of silk, or else they have fine lines of silk in hair stripes, sometimes of black, sometimes of a darker shade than the surface. Still other cords have ribbon stripes, bow-knots, and flower-baskets woven on their surface, the whole in monotone. A new material of which modistes think highly is wool bengaline, shot or changeable in colors, and sometimes watered in the large waves of moire antique. Like all bengaline, this is partly silk, yet wool prevails, as it does not in the bengalines with which we are most familiar. It comes in double fold, and is in all the favorite light shades, as green shot with gold, or brown with blue. Plain spring dresses for morning, shopping and traveling will be made of English wools and sleazily woven homespun in checks, in stripes, and flecked as with snowflakes of very rough wool, as in the bourrettes of former years. Bold quarter-inch checks of brown, sage or blue with white or ecru are the most stylish choice, yet the small pinhead checks are shown again in these colors, with sometimes threads of red introduced to lighten them. These are being made with gored skirts trimmed up each seam with a piping fold of velvet and narrow gimp of the darkest color in the check. The corsage has a postillion back, with pointed front, double-breasted, and cut down low on a waistcoat and shirt front of white or ecru cloth, or else matching the color of the velvet.

•

I saw the other day some sweet dresses which were being designed for Miss Flo Washington and which were much admired at her recital yesterday. The cream *crepe de chine* gown was simple and pretty, with trimming of gold and silver passementerie. Several handsome gowns have been made for matronly wearers of that beautiful tape patterned lace which came to town during the season. This lace repays anyone who can afford the first expense of an investment, as it looks well for years.

•

Changeable twilled silks of contrasting colors with trellised vines, or white stripes of fluttering ribbons tied in bow knots and holding flower baskets, are being made up for summer. They have a full round waist finished by a girdle, or else a full coat skirt is gathered across the back, extending merely from side to side. Yokes, both square and round, will be made of open *point de Genes* lace, either white or *ecru*, or else the black *guipure* will be used. The sleeves are a large puff of the silk reaching to the elbow, with close sleeves of lace below, or with a flowing Marie Antoinette ruffle. The skirt, slightly long in the back, is of five or six breadths—usually but five—those at the back sloped at the top, while the others are straight and are gathered to a belt massing the fulness in pleats at the back. For these thin silks a foundation skirt is required, and the pretty fancy is to make this under-skirt of very light taffeta of the palest shade in the dress silk, finishing it with pinked flounces and a *balayeuse*. At the foot are rows of velvet ribbon, satin, or moire, or else a gathered flounce of silk or of lace, or two rows of lace set on in chevron rows all around the skirt. The imitation point d'Alencon lace is the novelty for trimming silks that have white designs. *Ecru point de Genes* is, however, the favorite, and can be had in all widths—sufficiently wide for the entire corsage, and in narrow frills for the wrists and for berthas. Black *guipure de Venise* is the effective black lace to be used over light silks for trimming black foulards that are strewn with designs in light colors.

•

Taffeta silks are largely imported for spring and summer dresses. They come in light blue or pink grounds, with double black stripes quite far apart, the space between dotted with black or white figures or baskets of flowers. White taffetas have satin stripes, an inch apart, of pale green with yellow, or pink with blue. Very young ladies have adopted moire antique for both semi-dress and full dress. They begin where their grandmothers left off. In the evening they wear bell-shaped demi-trained skirts of white satin-striped moire entirely without trimming. The moire corsage square and half-low in the neck, is covered with white *chiffon*, and has a bodice or corselet made of silver and pearl butterflies. Stripes of silver and pearl passementerie hold down the full *chiffon* above the corselet. The short sleeves are a full puff of *chiffon* over the moire fastened with a soft *chiffon* knot. A Watteau bow of moire is held at the back of the neck by a pearl and silver butterfly. Other white moires have narrow stripes of yellow edged with *filet* of black, or hair lines of mauve finished with pale blue stripes. Broader pink stripes are bordered with black on a white ground, and there are pink and yellow quarter-inch stripes separated by black pencilled lines.

Durable twilled silks of various kinds are revived. The satin-finished surfaces of many are of the smallest twills, while plain surahs are woven in rather wide diagonals. Very light surah silks of gray lilac, old blue, or pink have *petit pois* dots of the same color. New black surahs have bunches of bright yellow buttercups, and brown surahs are strewn with violets. Shot surfaces are exceedingly pretty in the satin surahs, as gray shot with rose and dotted with rose, or marked with square outlines or small blocks in a very effective way.

LA MODE.

The Convent Chimes

For Saturday Night.

They do not live their lives in vain who seek the quiet
solitude,
Fair gamers of life's purer grain; and tho' at times their
fate be rude
They give the world some wholesome food.

'Twas eventide, the convent chimes rang from their tow'ers
gray and high
A song methinks of olden times, of years, p'raps centuries
gone by.
And 'tween each new and dying note a world of mystery
seemed to float
On waves of lulling melody.

Midnight upon the Crimean plain
Amongst the slumb'ring and the slain,
A lonely wanderer there went
Upon love's holy mission bent;
The dying soldier's ear she hears
And lowly bending calms his f'ears,
Pours o'er his wounds her soothing balm,
And points him to the lowly lamb,
To Christ on Calvary, and now
A new light breaks upon his brow.
He breathes again the balmy gales
And once again thro' England's vales
He wanders forth a whistling lad,
After the gray cathedral seen,
Old oaks proud waving in the breeze,
Whilst cottage greetings make him glad.
He revels in youth's fantasy,
And dies rejoicing. In that hour
There index a lovely English flower—
A blossom sweet from Erin's vale
Or Caledonia's loneller dale.
But she who bent the listening ear
Hath many a treasured tale to tell,
High in yon cloistered walls, the bell
In muffled monotones may hear.
Oh, do I dream those convent chimes
Seem so like sounds of distant times
And distant climes—nay even here
And even now seem strangely near.

W. A. SUSSWOOD.

Making the Best of It

Druggist Clerk—A man gave me a lead dollar in payment for a prescription I filled, and he got away before I found it out.

Druggist—Well, send the boy down to the junk shop with it and sell it for old lead. We'll get twice the cost of the drugs out of it anyhow.

At the China Exhibition.

"Some of these Chinese words break my heart! What does Ta-Sung mean, now?"

"It means Great Protective. That dynasty commenced A.D. 960 and lasted 167 years."

"Great Scott! And yet Bill McKinley thinks he invented something new!!!"

A Great Demand.

If every lie told in a political campaign were nailed, iron would soon be as expensive as gold.

For the New Dictionary.

Ingenue—What is a cold deck, Wager?

Wager—A cold deck, my innocent, is one the games'er keeps in a nice box till you're fit to be frozen out. See?

A Literary Note.

Publisher—Hello, old man! I haven't met you in years; in fact, not since we left school. How have you been getting along?

Visitor—I have made a cool million out of leaf lard.

Publisher—Gee Whillikins! and I hadn't heard of it. Say, can't I induce you to write an article for my magazine on The Intellectual Decadence of Modern Europe?

A Leap Year Incident.

"Anner Marlar, have you made many proposals of marriage yet?"

"Not many; but the year is still young."

Fully Converted.

Deacon Sollemm (after his cuffs and collars)—My friend, are you a Christian?

Yung Lung—Yessee. Me wantee sellee wifee, an' mally pletty Sunday-school teachee.

Boston's Four Hundred.

"Penelope, dear," said Mr. Funnie, "have you made up your list for the reception cards?"

"No, Shelley—I haven't had time. It won't be much trouble though. I've written to Mr. Scudder and asked for the subscription list of the *Atlantic*.

Mixed.

"What are you cutting those oysters in two for, Bridget?"

"Shure, mom, it's mesilf thot's furgot whether you tould me to dish up to each plate an oyster on half a shell or half an oyster on a shell."

A Box Overcoat.

Funniman—Young Dudel's body has been recovered.

"Why, I didn't know he had been drowned."

"He hasn't. He has merely bought a new suit of clothes."

The Place for Conversation.

"My dear," said Mrs. Chatterly to Mrs. Chitterly, "I have so much to tell you; but I can't stay now."

"Then go with us to the opera to-morrow night," suggested Mrs. Chitterly.

How Estimates Mount Up

Citizen—Why is it you contractors want twice as much for cleaning the streets this year as you got last year?

Contractor—There's twice as much dirt to clean.

"Why so?"

"We didn't do any cleaning last year."

She Was Willing.

Husband—My dear, we'll have to economize.

Wife—Well, let's smoke less.

The Pacific Coast.

One of the marvels of the age is the cheap mode of everyday travel, and foremost in promoting such is the Canadian Pacific Railway. At the present time there are running specially attractive trips to all points on the Pacific coast, which for convenience and comfort excel anything of the kind before attempted. The C. P. R., knowing well the tedium of long distance railway traveling, have sought to their utmost to alleviate the discomforts of the journey, and judging by the reports of persons who have already traveled over this route they must feel highly gratified by the success with which their efforts have been crowned. An inspection of the cars provided proves them all that can be desired. They are high, airy and well ventilated, being built specially for this service, and are under the immediate control of an intelligent porter. Particulars as to dates of running these excursions will be found in our advertising columns, but any of our readers wishing for further detail should call at the C. P. R. offices, 118 King street west, where books, pamphlets and every information possible will be gladly furnished.

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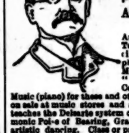
DANCING

Prof. Davis



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Author of "The Modern Dance Tutor" and the following Solid'ty dances: "Jessie," "Ripple," "Bronco," "Waltz-Minuet," "Polka-Polonaise," "Bon-Ton" (2nd part), &c. Composer and Publisher of Music (piano) for these and other standard dances. Music on sale at music stores and at the Academy. Prof. Davis teaches the Delsarte system of Æsthetic Gymnastics, Harmonic Poses of Beauty, Grace of Motion, etc., producing artistic dancing. Class or private instruction. See circular or call for terms.

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LET February be known to readers of this corner as a month when stocks in any department can be bought with a special bias to the side of the shopper. It's the month between stock-taking and the opening of spring goods, and profits are not a consideration at this time.

Carpets and Housefurnishings.

Even if you do not propose laying a new carpet for a few months, the money to be saved at the prices of this month is of enough moment to make it worth while buying now.

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Tapestry.
Allwool.
Hemps.
Mattings.
Oilcloths.
Linoleums.

You'll travel a long journey before finding a store better stocked up in carpets and house furnishings than this.

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Portiere Curtains.
Chenille Curtains.
Window Blinds.

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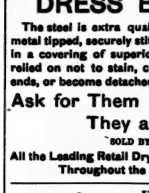

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CONSTANCE.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

It never once occurred to Lord Hardstock that he was acting in a dastardly way towards Miss Baillie. Indeed, he would have been sorely affronted had anyone presumed to suggest as much to him. It was purely a game of give and take, looking at it from his point of view. Emily had permitted his advances, and had not only responded to, but sought them, had deliberately laid herself out to entrap him; and if the fish objected to swallow the bait, why, the angler only had herself to thank for it.

The reader will not have followed Lord Hardstock so far without having gauged his moral depth, and realized that his standpoint of female excellence was a very low one, and yet there was something about Constance Armitage that appealed to the better, nobler man within him, and which, had she reciprocated his attachment, might have gone far towards redeeming him.

But when a woman is wearied of a man it is but a short step to hatred at his disgust, and long ago, in the old days at Greystone, his presence was irksome to her, irksome and distasteful. She asked herself sometimes why the feeling was so strong within her, for he had his good points. He was more attractive than nine out of every ten of the men she had met in society, he was clever, and he was undeniably good-looking. "But," Constance used to say, "I don't trust him; he is not sincere."

At all events he was sincere enough in his love for her, but even that failed to work in his favor, since Constance would have none of his love. With a little shock she realized that he had come very near a declaration that last afternoon, and at all hazards, he must have no such opportunity given to him again.

"He must know that I could give him but one answer," she thought to herself.

But somehow the male creature can be very obtuse on such points, and having made up his own mind to a certain course of action, his lordship felt that it only required a judicious expenditure of time and patience to attain his ends. He had displayed a good deal of tact and diplomacy during the last six months and he felt he ought to have his reward.

Arthur came home for his holidays in August, and being kind to the lord Lord Hardstock strove to ingratiate himself with his mother, but beyond expressing her thanks for the trouble he took, Constance did not appear to be in any way impressed, and the boy himself, oddly enough, despite his lordship's efforts, the many sights he took him to see, was not in the least attached to him. He had inherited his mother's keen insight into motive, and considerably startled her one day by asking point blank:

"Why does Lord Hardstock take me about so much, mamma? I am sure he is frightfully bored the whole time, and does not enjoy it a bit. Have you asked him to?"

"No, my boy, I suppose it is because he likes giving pleasure to young people."

Arthur laughed sceptically.

"I doubt it; I am certain he has no particular liking for me personally, for I overheard him saying to a friend of his that it was a confounded nuisance having to trot a young cub about, and the other man said something about him—Lord Hardstock—having turned 'bear-leader.'"

Constance colored painfully.

"You shall not go out with him again," she said quickly.

Boy-like, Arthur had fallen in love with his sister's governess. Emily's beauty had made a tremendous impression upon him, and he became her most devoted slave, and Emily, who despised no offering, however humble, at beauty's shrine, amused herself with him.

He was bright and clever, but being older than Eva he had more tact, and refrained from the outspoken remarks and ill-timed frankness that made her a child to be feared and avoided. He was now nine years old, and precocious for his years.

"Miss Baillie," he said one day, as he rested his curly head against her shoulder, "you're pr. very kind to Dr. Dale. I wish you would be. He is so nice."

Two days after Arthur left school he had managed to sprain his ankle, and Dr. Dale's tage sent him round to the surgery, whereupon he then and there struck up a friendship with the doctor, and had been invited once or twice to tea.

"I hope I am always polite to everybody," returned Miss Baillie demurely.

"But he has asked you to go with me next Wednesday, and you won't go."

"No dear. I would rather not."

"You'll change your mind—ladies always do—it's their provocation, I heard mamma say so."

"Don't you think you mean 'prerogative'?" slyly.

"Oh, well, yes, perhaps you are right. I can't know everything right away, anyhow. Miss Baillie, he added coaxingly "do come on Wednesday. It's no end jolly. We play dominoes, Miss Janet and I, and whoever wins gets a box of chocolates."

"Very exciting, I must say."

"Yes, isn't it? Then you will come."

The lad jumped up with alacrity. "I'll go right round and tell the doctor. He'll be so glad."

"You will do no such thing, Arthur; sit down." Miss Baillie pushed him back on his chair. "Now tell me exactly what you said, what the doctor said to you. Did he bid you ask me?"

"No—not that. What he said was—let me see—'It is too bad Miss Baillie won't join us. You must try what you can do to persuade her, my boy.' That was all."

"And what did Miss Janet say?"

"Oh, she wasn't there."

"Humph! Well, when she sends me a proper invitation, I'll think about it."

At that moment the door opened to admit Mrs. Armitage and Eva, who was in a state of wild excitement.

"Oh, Miss Baillie," she cried, "we have just met the doctor, and I'm to go as well as Arthur on Wednesday."

"The doctor made such a point of it I could hardly refuse," said Constance. "You will not mind going with them, Miss Baillie?"

"I am invited, then?"

"Well—really—I—I——"

"Oh, I see. I am to accompany them as their governess!"

There was so much hurt pride in Emily's tone that Constance bit her lip, and was at a loss what to say. This ultra-sensitiveness Miss Baillie chose to parade of late was very hard to deal with. "I have no doubt you will receive a written invitation," she said at last.

And she proved correct. That very evening brought a note from Janet Dale which, if not very warm, was at all events courteous enough.

Her mother and herself would be delighted if Miss Baillie would give them the pleasure of her company on the following Wednesday. A grim smile crossed Emily's face.

"I expect poor Janet had a *nauvais quart d heure* before she was driven into writing this," thought she.

At all events it promised a change of scene and surroundings, and she gladdened Arthur's heart by showing him the letter of acceptance.

And when the evening came she dressed herself with more care and taste than she usually displayed, although it was only a black lace dress she wore, with a spray of scarlet geranium in her bodice.

Eva, all in white, with a new blue sash and kid shoes to match, was dancing about first on one leg and then on the other, for full half an hour before it was time to start. Arthur, with quite an air, offered his arm as soon as the hall door shut, and to compromise matters, Miss Baillie put her hand on his shoulder, and so the little cavalcade arrived at the doctor's door.

It was really a very pleasant evening. Miss Dale was either too well-bred, or she stood too much in awe of her brother, to allow her real feelings to rise to the surface, and if a trifle glacial, was evidently desirous of giving no cause of offence.

Vivian Dale was not yet cured of his fancy for the governess. His hand trembled when it touched that of Emily, and his eye rested on her hungrily. Not until just before they were taking leave did she find herself alone with him. Janet had taken Eva upstairs to tie her hat on, and Arthur was looking over a book of engravings. A spirit of coquetry seized Emily.

"Do you never think of me now?" she asked, lifting her bright eyes to his.

"You know I do. Oh! in that way, you mean! Never again. I do not dare risk it."

She laughed merrily a silvery trill like a child's laugh. "Nonsense. I do not believe you have any influence over me now—I. She worn off by this time—take my hand in yours—I feel nothing." Her fingers closed round as she spoke, affecting him magnetically.

"In some cases I believe the power is entirely apart from contact," he said, striving hard for composure.

"Oh!" She drew her red lips together with an arch expression.

If propinquity has much to answer for, contact has more, for it has made its tens of thousands. I do not believe in a mesmeric influence without it.

She grew agitated, a thrill ran through her, against her will she lifted her eyes, impelled by a power stronger than herself.

Slowly the doctor's lips formed the one word—Emily.

In another second she would have been in his arms, unable to struggle against his mastery over her, but with a swift movement he turned away and walked deliberately out of the room.

"Why are you crying, Miss Baillie?"

Arthur was at her side in dismay. She put up her hands to her face, for the tears were raining down her cheeks.

"Is it toothache?" he asked, and in a second had flown to the door. "Doctor," he cried, but the doctor put him aside.

"Drink this," he said to Emily, holding a glass to her lips.

It was sal volatile, and in a few minutes she was herself again; and when Eva and Miss Dale came back to them she seemed much as usual. But as parting she overlooked the doctor's outstretched hand and, with a bend of her head, passed him. And when she found herself in the street she drew a long breath—something between a gasp and a sob.

"I will not see him again," she told herself angrily. "It is horrible that he should influence me in this way."

But despite herself her thoughts centered themselves upon him and when she fell asleep that night she dreamed a strange dream. She was bound hand and foot, at the mercy of a monster half-beast, half-human—with the body of a lion and the features of the man she loved—Lord Hardstock.

Feeling that her last moment was at hand, she sent forth a pitiful cry for help, and on the instant Vivian Dale appeared sword in hand, and with one quick stroke, laid the monster dead at her feet. "You are mine—mine!" he whispered tenderly as he severed the cords about her wrists,—and she woke, hot and panting, and for long hours tossed and turned, too restless and distressed to sleep.

Early in September Mrs. Strangways had a serious illness. The drains were all wrong in Clarges street, and Rebecca was among the first to suffer.

For more than a week she was in great danger, and it was another fortnight before she was permitted to leave the house, and then she went straight to Kensington to be nursed by her sister.

Dyne had been devotion itself. Night and day she was by her mistress's side, and few would have suspected her of the depth of feeling she displayed.

But "still waters run deep," and under a rough exterior the old woman carried a grateful heart. Mrs. Strangways had been a kind mistress to her, and she herself was one of the good old class so fast dying out nowadays, she respected and looked up to those in a higher position, and would freely have laid down her life for her mistress. But when Mrs. Strangways began to mend, poor Dyne broke down. The long hours and want of exercise and fresh air had told upon her. Nature asserted herself and she took to her bed.

"The minute she can be moved she shall come to us," cried Constance, who fully appreciated the old creature's devotion.

And when Rebecca was just able to crawl downstairs, and looking very wan and the ghost of her old self, lie for an hour or two on the sofa in the drawing-room, Dyne made her appearance among them, more of a shadow even than her mistress, her thin hatchety face pinched and white and her eyes set darkly in their sockets.

"You are to go straight to your own room and stop there, Dyne," said Mrs. Armitage kindly.

"Oh, ma'am, if you please, I couldn't think of it. We cannot spare you at present, Dyne."

"No such thing. Your share of the nursing is over. Everything is prepared for you, and for a few weeks, and longer if necessary, you are to be waited upon and not stir a finger. Do you hear me, Dyne? I can be very severe when I like."

"Oh, ma'am, begging your pardon, that's what I'm sure you never couldn't be. And such kindness as this I never see in all my born days."

Dyne was on the verge of tears.

But though the spirit was willing the flesh was too weak for her to resist, and she was glad enough to creep away by and by and lay her aching bones in the comfortable bed provided for her.

"I never 'ad such a fuss about a servant," sneered Emily, who detested Dyne every whit as much as the old woman disliked her, and she forcibly prevented Eva from running into the old servant's room as she would have liked to do.

Dyne had a marvelous store of fairy tales for the little folk, and she and Eva were famous friends.

"Dyne, you're not pretty to look at," the child confided one day, with her usual happy straightforwardness; "but you have a beautiful mind."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Arthur did not get the outing that he hoped for. The whole of Constance's time was taken up with the invalids, and I doubt if anybody, unless it be poor Miss Baillie, was sorry when the last days of his holidays came.

"It's a shame!" he grumbled. "Mother said I should go to Brighton."

"Illness is a thing no one can prevent," answered Emily. "I am sure you have been very happy at home. You forget how often Lord Hardstock took you out."

The boy was silent. Of late his lordship had not been so constant a visitor. The house was so dull and the little drawing-room so crowded that he had no chance of seeing Mrs. Armitage alone, or of saying a word that would not be overheard. Almost invariably Emily was present—a strip of needlework in hand which never advanced by so much as an inch, but which gave her an excuse for keeping her eyes downbent, and long experience had taught her that she could see more of what was going on around her from under the long dark lashes than by reading the faces of the speakers.

That quiet figure (for unless addressed she rarely spoke) gave his lordship a creepy sort of feeling. She was like some avenging spirit, ready to pounce upon a stray word and bring the culprit to justice.

No, until the Kensington establishment had returned to its accustomed way, he felt he was better apart.

So now when Miss Baillie referred to his lordship's kindness, Arthur said nothing.

"It is not every gentleman who would care to be bothered by a boy of your age, you know, Arthur." Emily was nettled.

"No, and I am wondering what his reason was," said the lad quietly.

"What should be his motive? Good gracious, Arthur, if you analyze things so closely already, what will you be by the time you are thirty? Slowly objectionable!"

"I don't like Lord Hardstock."

"Then you are a most ungrateful boy."

Emily was very angry. "I should not like him to know that all his trouble has been thrown away upon you."

"I don't care a straw whether he knows it or not."

After this there was a slight cooling of Arthur's devotion. And altogether, perhaps, he was not quite so sorry as he might have been when the term commenced again.

"I want to see you. Be here at nine sharp." So ran the little strip of paper over which Miss Baillie knitted her level brows. It was peremptory. It said as plainly as it could speak, "It is for me to order and for you to obey." And yet, because it came from Lord Hardstock she never thought of complaining. The only thing that troubled her was, how she was to get away.

Mrs. Strangways had restless nights, rarely sleeping until early morning, and Constance usually read aloud to her until half-past eight, when Miss Baillie would take her place and continue until ten, or even half past. Sometimes the invalid would doze and then wake refreshed.

Emily's voice was sweet and monotonous. It more often lulled Rebecca to sleep than her sister's clearer tones.

How was she to escape the evening's duty? "It will look strange if I ask to go out, and I really can't have a headache again; I have them periodically. Anyone but Mrs. Armitage would have smelt a rat long ago."

"My dear, is your throat painful?" asked Constance, as they sat down to luncheon. Emily's neck was encircled by a strip of red flannel.

"It is—I fear I am going to have a quinsey."

Constance was troubled.

"You must have perfect rest," she said. "I will keep our little chatterbox with me this afternoon. Upon my word, Rebecca," turning to her sister, "I never was conscious how lamentably ignorant I was of most points, until I had Eva to question me. You would never credit the extraordinary things she asks."

"You should do as I do," Mrs. Strangways smiled. "When she asks me, 'Auntie Becky, what is this, or what is that?' I answer, 'Gimcracks for meddlers.' It is a magnificent answer. She never asks me any more."

"I should think not." Constance was indignant. "That is no answer at all. How are the poor children to get information if no one will take the trouble to tell them things?"

Miss Baillie kept her room and thoroughly enjoyed herself. At seven o'clock she put Evato bed, and at half-past eight was ready, equipped for her journey. She did not reach home till long past ten, and on putting her latch-key into the door, found to her consternation that it would not turn. What in the world was she to do? There were lights in the drawing-room, so Mrs. Armitage was still up.

"I must trust to chance," said Emily, as she raised the knocker and let it fall, in a half-hearted way.

In a couple of minutes steps came along the hall, and the chain was put down. The door opened a couple of inches, and Dyne's forbidding-looking face peered forth.

"Holy Virgin!" said she, and promptly shut it again. Emily could hear her pattering down the hall.

At the end of her patience she pulled the bell violently, giving a loud rat-a-tat-tat, at the same time.

She was left waiting outside for the best part of five minutes, and then once more the door swung open.

Emily was in the hall and running up the staircase before Dyne realized what had happened. She caught hold of her cloak and tried to stop her.

"Let little Miss Eva!" she gasped.

"What!" A great dread seized Emily.

"That unlucky bairn!" Without much circumlocution Dyne told her tale. Eva, it appeared, had either wakened up frightened or had been walking in her sleep; at all events she had fallen headlong down a flight of stairs, narrowly escaping fracturing her skull, and frightening her mother into a terrible state of fears and nervousness. Miss Baillie walked up to the nursery. On a low chair sat Mrs. Armitage with the child on her lap.

"Where have you been?" she asked sternly.

"My head ached so much, I thought the air would do me good, so I went for a walk."

"Why did you lock your door?"

"I do not care that the servants should pry about. My drawers and boxes have been repeatedly opened and overhauled, and I now make a point of locking my door always."

"For the future I must ask you to simply lock your drawers and boxes, and leave your door open. I consider it a very great liberty to have taken."

Never had Emily seen Mrs. Armitage so seriously displeased.

She was terribly discomposed, for his lordship had faithfully promised that in the early autumn he would redeem his promise and make her his wife, and it would anger him fearfully if she lost her position with Mrs. Armitage through her own shortcomings.

She was rallied her forces, and exhibited an anxiety about her little pupil, which was admirable feigned, for she would dearly like to have shaken her for being the cause of the present bother.

"My poor darling," she cried.

Eva looked up languidly. She lay very white and still on her mother's bosom.

"Let me take her, dear Mrs. Armitage; your arms must ache."

But Constance was not to be mollified. Emily had thrown back her cloak, and to her surprise she saw that she wore a dress cut slightly open at the neck, and had decorated the flannel wrap she had worn at luncheon.

"I am glad to see that your throat is better," she remarked. Emily colored vividly.

"I cannot think what is the matter with me," she said; "it is very strange. First my throat was swollen, and then the pain left it and went to my head. I felt almost distracted. You—you will not be angry at what has been purely accidental, I am sure? I have never neglected Eva for an instant. Indeed, I love her too well for that. But if——"

It seemed to Constance that her grief was genuine, and her promise was soon touched.

"If I have been hasty you must forgive me," she replied. "I have been so extremely anxious about my darling, that perhaps I have not made my displeasure felt as I should have at other time, and you will admit that it did look strange, and appearances somewhat against you; your door locked, and the end of being in bed as you had given us to understand, that you should have been out of doors."

"And yet it can all be so easily explained."

"Yes, I am ready and willing to believe that. Now I think if you will help us, we had better carry Eva into my room. I will keep her with me altogether to-night."

The child looked up gratefully into her mother's face. With an ugly scowl Emily dogged the door and went off to her own room. On the landing she met Dyne.

"Can I help you to pack, miss?"

"Have you taken leave of your senses, woman? What should I want to pack for at this time of night?"

"Aren't you going then?"

"Going! Stand aside! I can't stay here talking to an old fool."

With this she stepped past Dyne, unlocked her door and banged it sharply after her.

"Wait awhile my fine laddy! We'll see which is the bigger of we two fules, by and by."

Little Eva was terribly shaken by her fall. The next morning Emily learned that Dr. Dale had been sent for immediately the accident occurred, and that he was in the house when her poor absence was discovered, and she felt that some sort of explanation would have to be given him.

Altogether things were not very roseate for Miss Baillie. In a becoming gown of soft fawn cashmere she received the doctor.

"All this is terrible," she cooed. "I shall feel afraid to leave the house for the future, and be worrying myself the whole time, lest anything should be going wrong."

"It is a pity that you should make such late visits, don't you think?"

The significance in his tone warned Miss Baillie that she must be judicious.

"I was not feeling well," she replied tersely, "and so went out for a walk. I am at a loss to see why Dr. Dale should make it his province to dictate to me."

"I should certainly not presume to dictate. I merely offered a suggestion."

"I am perfectly competent to conduct my own affairs."

"Emily!"

"Oh, how funnily you say that!" cried Eva from the sofa. Her eyes were fixed on her governess and the doctor, and she was drinking in every word. "Emily!" She put her head on one side, and limped forth in the most lachrymose tone imaginable. It was impossible not to laugh, and so the ice was broken, and gradually matters assumed a more friendly aspect.

"But it was a near shave," Emily told herself. "Touch-and-go with Mrs. Armitage, and—all but—good-bye to my solitary allowance."

The lesson was taken to heart. Emily paid no more evening visits to Lord Hardstock's rooms, and that gentleman was considerably alarmed when he heard of the chapter of accidents.

No, they must risk nothing more, he agreed. And so, once again poor Emily was doomed to be parted from the man she loved. But this time it was not so hard to bear. She felt sure—so very sure that things were drawing to a climax, and that in a few short months she would be Lady Hardstock. It was well worth a little sacrifice she reflected with a sigh.

It must have been two, or even three days later that the thought suddenly occurred to her that she had not destroyed the little slip of paper which had fixed their last rendezvous, and she grew somewhat uneasy when it was nowhere to be found She could not have been so inconceivably careless as to have dropped it anywhere! Her heart beat thick and fast at the bare idea. She was positive that she had not torn it up, and it was not in her desk, nor among her papers. Where then was it! It was long before Miss Emily solved the knotty point.

Going slowly downstairs after the insulting remarks Miss Baillie had hurled at her, Dyne's quick eye caught a gleam of something white. It was half a sheet of paper, and Emily had dropped it.

Dyne had not long to wait. Revenge fell quickly to her hand, and she had been less than human had she not rejoiced.

(To be Continued.)

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FOR THE TEETH & BREATH
TEABERRY

Mr. Cheesebro's Last Proposal.

(Written for Saturday Night.)

Sylvia and I had been friends for many years. That is to say, we were very friendly usually, and showed at each other from opposite corners of the room on occasion. My friend possessed what is known as a "hasty temper."

We were both public school teachers on small salaries. We paid our bills regularly, and had each a black silk dress for Sunday wear, which, turned in at the wrists, tucked up at the sleeves, answered for evening occasions as well.

We were also old maids. It is true we had neither of us yet arrived at the dignity of gray hairs or *pince nez* or reproving manners, but we had crossed the imaginary line and were too proud to attempt to conceal the fact. Sylvia, who was something of a philosopher, used to say it would be an interesting investigation to inquire into the causes which had led to the rapid increase in percentage of old maids in modern society. She was accustomed to divide them into two classes: old maids who couldn't marry, and old maids who preferred not

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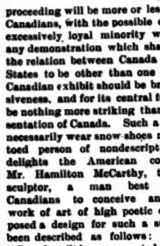
A Statue of Canada.



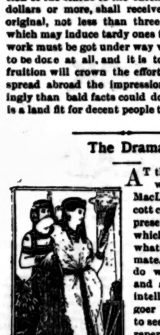
GENERAL understanding exists that the Dominion Government intends organizing a creditable display of Canadian productsat the forthcoming World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893, which proceeding will be more or less pleasing to all Canadians, with the possible exception of that excessively loyal minority which frowns on any demonstration which shall tend to show the relation between Canada and the United States to be other than one of enmity. The Canadian exhibit should be broad in its inclusiveness, and for its central feature there can be nothing more striking than a statue representation of Canada. Such a statue need not necessarily wear snow shoes nor be a pigeon-toed person of nondescript type, such as delights the American comic cartoonist. Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, the well known sculptor, a man best fitted of all Canadians to conceive and represent a work of art of high poetic quality, has proposed a design for such a statue, which has been described as follows: In his scheme, "Canada will be represented in the character of a typical Canadian maiden in all the glory and beauty of form and feature of her race. The attitude chosen by the artist shows the figure in a dignified and graceful position. With pleased and interested enquiry she gazes into the future where her destiny lies hid. Her features are radiant in the consciousness of strength to pursue her course—radiant in the faith which will sustain her in it. She contemplates her vast Dominion and the treasures which a beneficent Providence has bestowed upon it. She bears a cross in her right hand—symbol of her faith in God and in her ability to rule in righteousness. Her left hand rests upon an anchor, emblematic of her hope in her future, and upon an oar, suggestive of the maritime interests of her country. These symbols form part of a trophy which is at her feet, and which includes emblems of her varied products, suggestive of the farm, the mine, the fishery, the forest, the factory and the workshop, her merchandise, her transportation facilities and her many other industries. Disposed in graceful folds about this trophy is the British flag, indicating Canada's connection with and loyalty to that mighty empire in whose crown she is the brightest jewel. The height of this statue will not be less than nine feet; and it will be constructed of adamantine."

The good points of such an official exhibit by Canada are too numerous to canvass in a short editorial. Symbolic of the many leading features of Canada, the statue would at the same time be a surprise to the rest of the world and tend not a little to vindicate Canadians of the reproach that they as a people are grubbing and sordid without even an accompanying good quality of honesty. To be sure this latter idea is now somewhat dissipated, but a certain Walter Blackburn Harte, who may be likened to the fabled beast whose every roar was a bray, is still pouring his ignorant generalities into American ears, and Canada still suffers from the half-knowledge or no-knowledge of foreigners at large.

Of course it will take money to carry out such an enterprise, a sum running far into the thousands being required, and it is proposed that all subscribers to a fund for the construction of the statue to the extent of one hundred dollars or more, shall receive replicas of the original, not less than three feet in height, which may induce tardy ones to subscribe. The work must be got under way very soon if it is to be done at all, and it is to be hoped that fruition will crown the effort being made to spread abroad the impression more convincingly than bald facts could do it, that Canada is a land fit for decent people to live in.

TOUCHSTONE.

The Drama.



AT the Academy this week the R. D MacLean-Marie Prescott company has been presenting two plays which savor somewhat of the "legitimate." The joint stars do work so perfect and artistic that the intelligent theatergoer cannot but wish to see them in a wider repertoire of plays more excellent than those presented, Dr. Montgomery Bird's Spartacus and Rider Haggard's Cleopatra.

Spartacus is a tragedy of somewhat sombre character and is well knit for a play which covers such a wide range of action, but it has little excellence for presentation because the action is practically confined to the two brothers, Spartacus and Phasarius. The story deals with the insurrection of Spartacus, the subsequent quarrel between him and the hot headed and rash Phasarius and the latter's desertion with the greater part of the army of Gladiators, the massacre by Romans of Phasarius' army, and the subsequent defeat and death of Spartacus and his handful of men. As befits a representation of Gladiator times, the play fairly reeks in blood, but many of the scenes are strikingly and naturally dramatic, and the parts of both Spartacus and Phasarius admit of fine acting. R. D. MacLean is a young southern actor, with a frame that is grand to look upon. He stands over six feet in height and is compactly built, his muscles and limbs being beautifully proportioned to his height throughout. He has the finest voice and the best trained one that I have heard for many a day, and is entirely without tricks or strides or mannerisms of any kind. It will thus be seen that his stage presence is absolutely without flaw. He knows withal how to suit the action to the word, the word to the action, and I should say from what little I have seen of him that he would, when his form would allow it, do good "character" work. But of course his *forte* must be the heroic. No *role* could be better suited to his abilities than that of Spartacus, an adequate presentation of which calls for an actor extraordinarily rich in all stage requirements. There is a strong temptation to rant in the second and third acts of Spartacus, but Mr. MacLean speaks with the tongue of a rational barbarian. W. S. Hart, who plays Phasarius, is an actor of fair intelligence. His s'age presence loses in comparison with Mr. MacLean's and his voice is not well trained. He was, however, particularly well suited in the *role* of Phasarius, who is in contrast to Spartacus a head long and irrational barbarian, and his impersonation left little to be desired. There is a ragged edge on his general work that does not effect this *role* and what might have seemed like ranting to some observers in his death scene was pertinent in the case of the wounded and crazed Phasarius. Marie Prescott, with the wisdom of a true artist, did not attempt to make more of the very small part of Julia than was actually in it.

*

The success of Cleopatra shows what fine acting can do for a poor play. Rider Haggard, as a novelist, differs but in degree from Frank Reid, jr., whose tales the elevator boy delights in. There is no attempt at the study of human nature. His characters do a number of strange actions and take part in a number of scenes which are sometimes interesting and if natural, borrowed; and Cleopatra, the novel, is one of his worst offences. But as an exhibition of first class artistic powers in the actors, the play, Cleopatra, has interest. The action is tense and the plot not clear, but the novel is familiar to many theater-goers. Harmachis, a descendant of the Pharaohs and rightful King of Egypt, sweats to his followers to slay the usurpress Cleopatra, and free Egypt. Cleopatra sees him, falls in love with his beauty, gives him a high position in her palace. He loves her and rebels against his oath to kill her; he scorns the love of his Cousin Charmion; Charmion tells Cleopatra of Harmachis' oath to kill her; the Queen comes to his chamber and then follows the tense incident of a woman's wiles as she makes love to him and steals the sacred dagger. This situation is not new, but under the spell of Miss Prescott's acting the audience was breathless. It will be remembered that Miss Prescott appeared in Toronto with the elder Salvini and that she fairly divided honors with the Italian. She is not beautiful, but she has fine eyes and a beautiful voice which, however, was in certain parts of the house difficult to hear in its finer shadings. As in the case of Mr. MacLean, there is a rare beauty and artistic finish in her gestures and all that pertains to stage presentation which might serve to educate. The play had the merit of allowing Miss Prescott to do good work, but it is not lucid, and after the scene above praised, moves on in a ridiculous manner. Cleopatra's death scene was powerfully done. Mr. MacLean fulfilled all the requirements of his part amply and his acting when he returns after living in a cave for sixteen years was fine, especially the care with which the voice of the man prematurely old was simulated. Miss Agnes Maynard was a conscientious worker. As was said above, it would be interesting to see the two stars in a better repertoire, although the bulk of the support could not undertake a strong play. Marie Prescott should be a magnificent Queen Katharine or Lady Macbeth.

*

The man who writes the advance notices for the Grand is a literary artist. The romantic story of the little song bird, Starlight, the idol of the Italian peasantry he told about, was beautiful in its artlessness. Some of the romance gets knocked off Starlight in the production, and she turns out to be a clever little song-and-dance girl who kicks up her heels to the delight of her audience, and shines in a farrago of rubbish. By the way, isn't it time to ring the gong on the Ta ra ra-ra, boom-der-ee?

*

During the first three nights of next week the great Pictou Stock Company will appear at the Grand. Monday night, Geoffrey Middleton, Gentleman; Tuesday night, A Modern Match; Wednesday night, Her Reform; Wednesday night, The Last Straw and His First Love. Thos. W. Keene's classic repertoire for the last half of the week is: Thursday night, Louis XI.; Friday night, Richelieu; Saturday matinee, Merchant of Venice; Saturday night, Richard III. The Academy has booked that greatest of farces, The Private Secretary, which never grows old. A good week truly.

TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

It seems that Messrs. Proctor and Turner, the managers of the New York Twenty-third street theater, are the people who have made an offer to Robert Mantell for next season to figure as leading man in the new stock company. They have arranged for several new plays and are organizing a company for their presentation, and the offer to Mr. Mantell came about naturally in developing their plans. The offer to the actor must be an exceedingly good one, as he has practically accepted it. He writes that he had some difficulty in cancelling the engagements that he had made for himself and his present company on the road next year, but seems to have no doubt that they will in the end be canceled successfully. The contract between him and Proctor and Turner will then be signed. Mantell's colleagues will include Jack Mason (Mr. Marion Manola), Mervyn Dallas, who played old-man parts in the Scott-Siddons Company that went on the rocks three weeks ago, John Glendinning and others. It is not known who the leading lady will be. Charlotte Behrens might have a chance, but she is not adapted for the class of plays which a stock company, to be profitable, must produce nowadays, which same may perhaps apply to Mantell, as well.

The story, by the way, that Mantell was to be the leading man of Mr. Pitou's stock company next year was only true in so far as it was true that Mr. Pitou had made Mantell an offer, first to include him in the stock company, and secondly to star him. Mr. Mantell refused both offers, because of the greater attraction residing in the offer made by the Proctor and Turner people. The separation of Mantell and Pitou was, it is said, a perfectly friendly one, Pitou not caring to have Mantell because a condition of the arrangement was that Mrs. Mantell should appear in the supporting company. As Mr. and Mrs. Mantell are now divorced, Mr. Pitou felt free to make the offer in question.

Frederick Conger, a Toronto boy, who was seen here last September in Roger la Honte at the Academy of Music under very unfavorable circumstances, is at present playing in Mr. A. M. Palmer's Alabama company, with marked success. Mr. Conger is young in the profession but shows an aptness rarely seen in one with so little experience, this being but his second season. He has already signed for next season with Mr. Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theater Stock Company, from where I hope to hear good reports of him.

It turns out that the accident to Mr. Henry Irving's son, Lawrence, was grossly exaggerated. As the story was first telegraphed, it seemed as if that young man had attempted to commit suicide, at the very least. It seems that the deadly weapon was only a toy pistol, with a bullet scarcely bigger than a pin's head. The enterprising newspaper reporter who first spread the story has since been in great demand as an agent in advance.

Sir Frederick Leighton characterizes Brandon Thomas' impersonation of a model in Weedon Grossmith's play, A Commission, as one of the most perfect bits of acting that he has ever seen. Both Thomas and Grossmith appeared in Rosina Vokes' company some seasons ago. F. E. Weatherly's English version of Mascagni's Cavalleria Rusticana was produced recently by the Carl Rosa company, at the Court Theater, Liverpool. Weatherly's work was highly praised by the local critics. Rosina Vokes has a new farce, The Lawyer's Fee, which she hopes to produce before long. Helen Barry and Rose Coghlan are at law with each other over the "rights" to plays which they allege took from a German original without the author's permission. The assertion that Fitz James O'Brien was the author of Rosedale, which Lester Wallack had claimed up to his death, is susceptible of denial. Neither O'Brien nor Wallack wrote it. The drama stands as a proof of shrewd plagiarism from a dozen various sources. The principal incidents were borrowed from an old English novel, *Lady Lee's Widowhood*, published in a monthly magazine fifty years ago. The resemblance between one of the best scenes in Rosedale and an event described in Bulwer Lytton's What Will He Do With It? is also too bald to escape detection. Julia Marlowe produced a new curtain raiser, Rogues and Vagabonds, in Boston on Friday night. It is by Malcolm Bell of London. Frohlloit Paget, whose starring tour in The Last Word closed suddenly, has been engaged by Nat Goodwin. Maude Branscombe, whose photograph was in almost every American store window a dozen years ago, is playing the Prince in Aladdin at a Glasgow, Scotland, theater. In a few weeks she will resume her place in the London music halls. Maggie Duggan, a burlesquer who won American fame by a high kick that has never been overtopped, is now in comic opera in England. Miss Duggan was tall and gaunt, and her legs were in keeping; but her kicking has never been paralleled for reckless abandon. When Emma Abbott's ashes were placed in the gorgeous tomb at Gloucester, Mass., last week, only seven actors witnessed the simple ceremony, and all of them were variety performers. Harry Bagge, the English actor whose reported engagement to Julia Arthur was declared premature, is going to travel in Fanny Davenport's troupe next season. Jean Mowbray, once a promising actress, is the bride of Andrew C. Wheeler (Nym Crinkle.)

Sardou, in a recent interview, says: "The world has produced nothing (equally original since Shakespeare, although we have had some wonderful writers. There is little that is purely original to write about; the past is a store-house for dramatists and must be drawn from, but the new versions of older subjects must bear a certain amount of originality in their composition. The style of age changes all language, manners, customs, ideas and thoughts. Like everything else, the drama must be with the times." In short, the slogan of Sardou and his school is: "Dramatists must degenerate with the times."

'Varsity Chat.

IT always pleases me to hear Prof. Alfred Baker, M. A., deliver an address, he has such excellent command of the English language. His lecture on Saturday last on Systems of Astronomy in the University Hall was listened to by a large audience and much appreciated.

Old Roman is stirred to the depths of his shallow soul because ladies attend lectures. He has written to the *'Varsity* on the matter, and has among other things the following to say: "We do not come to 'Varsity to learn the art of flirtation, or some other art equally nonsensical and contemptible. We do not even come to learn how to escort a shrieked undergraduate to a church or a concert, as some of our men are beginning, or rather have begun, to do. We come to be ready to take our place in life as men when we shall leave its hallowed precincts. Perhaps the men who thronged our college of old were less polished and urbane than the *jeunesse doree* we turn out to day; but they certainly were more rugged and better equipped for life's battles than the half-educated foplings who will soon begin to graduate under the present order of things. If a few of the men are so deluded as not to see the demoralizing effects liable to ensue from the closer co-relations of the sexes, it is to be hoped the ladies, for their own position's sake, will discourage the proceedings we have alluded to. There are many other and more unkind things which I shall not ask you to publish at present, but which may be forthcoming if no improvement is made on the present modes of conduct."

This man has possibly an ideal of his own regarding college, and because he does not see any tendency towards its realization he concludes that "all things are out of joint." Poor weak creature! Does he include himself among the "half-educated foplings?" or is he "ready to take his place in life as a man?" If he is ready to step out and assert himself among men he will find that insinuations and threats are neither honorable nor becoming to a gentleman, but on the contrary they indicate that he who uses such unmanly weapons is neither to be honored, trusted nor admired. What a grand training our University affords when it enables a man to pen such sentiments as are set forth in the concluding sentence of the above quotation. It is a great gift indeed to realize that we are all honorable men. In some instances it is a miracle.

*

The formal opening of the School of Practical Science has been postponed. It will now take place on Wednesday evening next.

*

A public debate under the auspices of the Knox College Literary and Theological Society was held on the evening of last Friday week, and a splendid programme was presented. Prof. James G. Hume, M.A., Ph. D., presided. The Glee Club and the College quartette, Messrs. McKay, Hannaheon, Grant and Scott, sang a number of selections in good style, and Mr. J. H. Barnett gave a reading entitled Connor. Mr. John R. Sinclair, B.A., in his essay on Novels and Novel Reading, showed that he had made good preparation for his subject. He traced the growth of the novel from the old ballad dances, and in his review of some standard novels pointed out how the novel is a work of art. The subject for debate was: Resolved, that the instruction in our schools and universities should be purely secular. Messrs. J. C. Stinson and E. L. Hunt, B.A., spoke on behalf of the affirmative, and Messrs. W. H. Grant, B.A., and H. R. Horne, B.A., for the negative. Though the subject is an old one the speakers presented their arguments in a bright and entertaining manner. The chairman summed up the arguments in a philosophical manner and decided the debate for the affirmative.

*

Mr. W. J. Chewett was the essayist at the meeting of the Engineering Society of the School of Practical Science on Tuesday.

*

A member of the faculty has written an article, not on the Greek verb, but on Tobacco. From the production I clip without comment, for that is not necessary, the following: "Perhaps the reader is a non smoker, is one who has never tasted of the joys to be found when enveloped with that elysian-like atmosphere. If so, it may not be out of place here briefly to attempt conveying to him, so far as the feeble vehicle of words can do, some inadequate idea of the pleasure derived from the use of the weed. Has he ever felt himself wearied and jaded by his work? Has he ever found himself incapable of remembering that which he is reading? Has he ever found himself, after an exceptionally good application to "good cheer" of some hospitable guest, heavy, sleepy and with what Plato (if my memory fails me not) calls a disordered stomach? If he has ever endured any or all of those feelings, let him seek the cure, or the only panacea for all such ills, a pipe. Who is there who has not found a pipe the best commentator on the speeches of Thucydides? Who has not found it the most excellent explainer of the deep philosophies of Greece? Who has not received from its fragrant rings of blue the requisite inspiration for composing in the language of Cicero? Verily the muses themselves are charmed and brought near by its clouds of incense. When called upon to pass the night in lonely study, what better accompaniment to the lonely midnight lamp? In company, what better means of forging strongly the bonds of friendship? But what further need of encomium? Oh solace of solitude, oh bond of friendship, oh promoter of joy, oh remover of sorrow, may we never want thee; may we never part from thee; may we never be "broken" as to be unable to buy a "fill" for this best cure for the melancholy."

*

The annual meeting of the baseball club was held in the Y.M.C.A. building, on Monday, the president, Mr. S. D. Schultz, B.A., being in the chair. The secretary read the manager's report for 1891, showing that of eight games played, six were won, one lost and one drawn. Motion was carried in favor of forming a triangular collegiate league with the Michigan and Cornell universities, and the manager was requested to write to these centers of learning to see if such arrangements could be brought about, a series of two or four home and home matches to be played during May and June. Whether this league is formed or not a Cornell nine will visit Toronto in May. 'Varsity will also play the University of Niagara some time in the same month. The officers elected are: Hon. president, Prof. Alfred Baker; president, S. D. Schultz; first vice president, H. A. Wardell; second vice-president, W. J. Knox; captain, J. W. McIntosh; secretary treasurer, H. E. Sampson; manager, A. N. Garrett; curator, H. A. Moore. Committee—J. R. Cote, '92; R. H. Knox, '92; W. R. P. Parker, '93; J. P. Fitzgerald, '93; R. White, '94; W. H. Pease, '94; W. Tier, '95; R. Somers, '95. The club expects to place a first-class team on the field, and, with such able officers as have been chosen, and a manager as energetic as Mr. Garrett, the highest hopes should be gratified.

*

Prof. Ramsay Wright, M. A., B. Sc., will lecture this afternoon at three o'clock on Corals and Coral Islands.

*

At the meeting of the Y. M. C. A. last week it was announced that Mr. James S. Gale, B.A., had resigned his position as missionary in Corea.

JUNIOR.

The 'Phones.

(A PARODY ON 'THE BELLS')

I.

Smash with sledges, all the 'phones!
Flimsy 'phones!
What a world of tanglement the 'central' girl becomes
When they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
With a saucy air of spite!
When the lines that with a crinkle
Cross the others in a twinkle
With a telephonic sleight
Keeping time, time, time
With a sort of cut-ey cronon
To the tintinabulation of the busy man that groans
At the 'phones, 'phones, 'phones, 'phones,
'Phones, 'phones, 'phones:
At the jumbling and the rumbling of the 'phones.

II.

Hear them 'hello'! sparkling 'phones!
Gushing 'phones—
What a world of harrassment their harmony dethrones!
Through the wires by day and night
How they whisper their delight
While the subtle 'central' votes
The man a 'loon'!
What a flirting flutter floats
Past the 'central' girl that giggles while she gloats
On the 'loon'!
On the gu lish girl excels
Where a gush of euphony voluminously tells
On the 'Swells'!
How she dwells
On the future! How she tells
Of the romance that impels
To the buying of the RING—ing!!!
Of the ring, ring, ring
Of the ring, ring, ring, ring
RING, RING, RING
To the RINGING and the wedding of the BELLS.

III.

Hear the Bearing Brokers' 'phones
Brazen 'phones—
What a fluctuation their quotation now intones,
In the rattled ears of 'bears'!
(When the 'bulls' are spreading snares)
Too much mystified to sell,
They can only yell, yell
Out of tune—
In a clamorous appealing to the judgment of the buyer,
Who in mad exposulation with the deaf and dumb quotation
Leaping higher, higher, higher
Shows a desperate desire
And a resolute endeavor
Now! now to buy—or never;
Fearing not the slow-paced 'bear.'
Oh the Bulls, Bulls, Bulls
How they counteract the 'pulls'
Of the 'bear'!
How they rant and rush and roar!
What appealings they outpour
On the pockets of the palpitating buyer.
Yet the buyer fully knows
By the twanging
And the clanging
How the danger ebbs and flows:
Still he rushes in and buys
Midst the jangling and the wrangling,
Goaded on by 'bullish' lies
All regardless of the swelling in the anger of the 'bears'
Of the 'bears'
Of the 'bears,' 'bears,' 'bears,' 'bears,'
'Bears,' 'Bears,' 'Bears:'
In the clamor and the clawing of the 'Bears'—

IV.

Hear the tolling of the 'phones!
Busy 'phones,
What a world of wickedness their usefulness condones!
Even the darkness of the night
Yields to morning's ruddy light
By the gay hallucination of their tones;
For everybody 'rings'
And the rustics and the Kings
Use the 'phones—
Yes the people—all the people
Under cottage roof or steeple
Use the 'phones:
Would that only that excuse,
That most horrid, lame excuse
"Line's in use"
Could be banished to the d——
"Give me five three sixty nine!"
"Line's in use!"
"Line's in use!"
"To tricks a truce
"Line's in use!"
"Line's in use!
"A truce to tricks"
"Give me fourteen fifty six,"
"Line's in use!"
"Line's in use? I might have known."
"Thank you tell-tale telephone."
Oh these tell-tale telephones!
Many man's lovely woman,
Soul to Soul—'tis only human
Oh ye 'phones!
Are ye always taking tolls?
Catching part of all that rolls
From our hearts and from our souls?
Oh telephonic bells!
How the maiden's bosom swells
At the tallemanic bells!
How she struggles when she spells
Words that spoken every time
Sotto voce softly rhyme:
Oh the telephonic bells!
Sweet, sweet, bells!
Keep on talking all the time
To the maiden's rhythmic rhyme
Through the throbbing 'phonic wires
'Phonic wires, wires, wires
Till her merry life expires,
Keeping time, time, time
As she tells, tells, tells
All her happy rhythmic rhyme,
Till at last ye rolling bells!
Oh ye bells, bells, bells!
Be but tolling, tolling bells:
Oh ye bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells!
Be but tolling, tolling, tolling, tolling bells.

G. W. GROTE.

The Seasons of the Heart.

For Saturday Night.

There's a mystic fervor of being
That years have failed to chill,
And echoes of childhood gladness
That sorrow can't do still;
Where long, long after our maytime
Belated violets stark,
Returned by the constant sunshine
To springtime of the heart.

There are sighs for the oldtime daydreams
When real'zed hopes are cure,
For the promising buds of springtime
Now' blossomed to gorgeous flowers.
We are sweetly in sympathy wonderous,
And weak,—'twere death to part
From our kindly, our cruel Eden,
The summer of the heart.

The morning winds tell of partings:
We pray that once again
Lover shall meet lover on the field, and, with
A deluge of blighting rain,
Enough we kneel to relentless chastening,
The lights of life do part;
And hope could but come in mocking
To autumn of the heart.

We sleep when our tender nurslings
Lie cold in lonely bed,
We can smile when the whirling snow drifts
Deep, where we laid our dead:
We hear of a blest reviving,
Sit unbelieved we crave no part
Till God's quickening love breaths springtime
O'er winter of the heart.

IDAIM

Between You and Me.

THE month never goes by without a new departure on the part of our stirring young friend, the German Emperor. He interferes, commands and forbids in every direction, and sometimes his freaks are so sensible that we can forgive a few breaks of another description. I felt quite like inviting him over here the other day, when I read about his very latest. It appears that the Berlin military society men have been putting on airs after the fashion of that swell English regiment, who announced to their kind hostess, anxious to present them to her buds and *debutantes* that *"the men of the—th don't dance!"* The Deutscher officers held *dancing* "taboo" also, and the fair *frauleins* smiled in vain on gorgeous uniforms, and had to content themselves with students and other civilians. And, you must know, that though a German student's dancing is something to be remembered and dreamed of, still an officer is usually quite as good a dancer, and a much more gorgeous-looking creature. But they would not dance—said they could not—and stood about as particularly striking wall flowers, until they attracted the notice of the Royal Busybody. "You must dance, and if you don't know how, you must learn!" was the authoritative mandate of the young emperor, who thereby won the grateful admiration of the fair citizens of his capital, and set all the puppets jigging at his serene pleasure. If only we had a William in Canada now, not to make our men dance but to make them learn how! Then our lady fair would not complain of being used as a battering-ram to stop the course of some erratic prancer whose worthy performance of climbing up her train detains her to receive the shock, nor would she be compelled to paw the air by some other independent dancer who finds a delight in waving his partner's clasped hand up and down like a jig-saw, nor have her breath squeezed out or her nosegay flattened in a grasp that makes her think of a polar bear, all of which *contretemps* happen here, don't they? We have some charming dancers among the lot, I gratefully acknowledge, who do their best to guide us through the dangers aforesaid, but let anyone stand aside in one of our ball-rooms and note the various and widely different styles of progression affected by the dancing men of Toronto, and they will wonder, as I am sometimes fain to do, why they don't kill themselves, their partners or some of those who come in their way.

*

"I am having an evening dress made in mauve and black," said a pretty little matron to me one day lately. "The poor Duke of Clarence, you know!" I confessed I did not know, and begged for enlightenment. She had no explanation to offer and faintly said, "Well, don't you think it's a nice idea? Now, Lady Gay, don't twinkle your eyes like that. I know you are laughing at me!" I laughed then, for a good many funny thoughts came into my mind, but I am bound to say that this travesty of sorrow carries its own excuse, it is the most becoming gown she ever put on! It did remind me of a freak of my childhood days, when I and a little chum dressed ourselves in the weeds of the little friend's widowed grannie and earnestly wished we were widows because we looked so pretty in them! Apropos of mourning, I was awe-struck at the temerity of the English *Truth*, whose Paris correspondent criticizes the Queen's French in her answer to President Sadi-Carnot's message of condolence. There are some of my readers who are shy of committing themselves to paper in *la belle langue*, but after this they might as well take courage. If they make mistakes and are criticized they can console themselves by saying, "So does Queen Victoria!"

*

A married man told me the other day that he had all his letters addressed to his office because his wife thought she should have the reading and even the opening of them, and he didn't agree with her. Oh, what a wife! Not many people, perhaps, have as sensitive a feeling as I about the sacredness of a seal, I mean only as regards the parties above mentioned. When young people are first married there is apt to be an excessive gush of mutual confidence, which disregards the duty one owes to the outer world. And then, generally, the letters which come to the doves on the honeymoon are mutually interesting, congratulations, home news, and so on; that outside world where are mourners, troubled souls, anxious mortals, strife, jealousy, distrust, business plans and worldly interests, leaves the young lovers a while undisturbed. Then some day a letter comes for hubby from a business friend, of appeal of warning, of information almost too important to talk of, and hubby reads its quickly, thrusts it into his pocket-book carefully, buttons up his coat, and looking across the table sees wifey regarding him curiously. "What's in your letter?" she says in the most nonchalant way. "Oh, merely a matter of business." "Well, aren't you going to let me see it?" "No, my dear." "Oh, I thought we were always to read each other's letters!" "But this is private business, my love." "Well, we have no secrets from each other, have we?" It ends in one of two ways. She is sensible and concludes her husband has sense enough to know his own affairs, or she is silly, and pouts until he shows her the letters or leaves her in anger.

*

Then, sometimes hubby is not a principal, has no business interests to guard, and witey gets a letter from a friend in trouble or from a dear boy chum who has always trusted her with his affairs, and a feeling of loyalty to the writer, or a dread of cynical criticism makes her glance over it and put it in her pocket to read at leisure and alone. It's hubby's turn now. "Got a letter?" he enquires, between his mouthfuls. "Yes, dear." "Who from?" ungrammatical and slightly imperious. Wifey vouchsafes the local habitation and name of her correspondent. "Well, read it out loud, there's a dear," mollified but curious. "It's on private business, dear," faint but decided. "Private rubbish, what business can Jack (or Mary as the case may be) have with you? Well, aren't you going to read it?" "I would rather not," quite firm and dignified. "Just as you please, my dear, only I understood you liked to read your letters to me. Of course I don't wish to pry into any secrets, anything you prefer I should not know, but I don't see how your letter can be so very mysterious that your own husband may not see it!" The same result follows as in the former case, and should hubby and wifey be foolish about their several correspondents, hubby has his letters sent to the office and wifey, with a little feeling of regret and ill-usage, lets her correspondence lapse, and earns the low opinion of her erstwhile friends as a self-absorbed and matrimonially spoiled woman. And all because of a false idea of the duty one owes to oneself, one's friends, and one's better half. Is there anybody who reads me who knows where this shoe pinches?

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

Mrs. Heber Newton has the reputation of being one of the few women who would never consent to have a photograph taken or a portrait painted.

At a reception recently given in Baltimore by Mrs. Robert Garrett, a novel feature of the decoration or entertainment was the sight of uncaged birds flying about the rooms open to the guests, among the palms and flowers.

The Italian Horticultural Society has awarded to Miss Jean Anstruther Thompson, a popular member of the English colony at Rome, a diploma for the drawings she exhibited at the horticultural show of flowers of France, Greece and Italy. The Italian Minister gave to her the large silver medal annually conferred for such work.

There is an Indian justice of the peace in Stockton, California. His name is Charles Light, and within a few years he has not only learned English, but taken a course in a business college, studied law, been admitted to the bar, and been elected to office. He has already gained some fame as a political orator. He is only in his thirty third year.

Of English billiard players Phelan says: "If care would win, the Englishman would never lose;" but his game is "marred by excess of caution, and numberless counts lost from the timidity which will not stretch forth its hand to grasp them." The American, as combining the peculiarities of each of these, he considers the very best of billiard players.

Madame Adam, well known as editor of the Parisian *Nouvelle Revue*, insists that the musicales that have of late years become so popular in the French capital have materially injured conversation. She intends to gather about her the thirty or forty women still in Paris who, in her opinion, can converse, and, in accordance with this design, has her cards to receptions and At Homes inscribed with the words "no talk," instead of with the stereotyped "music" or "dancing."

John Russell Young says that during the war days the poet Whitman, then a poor clerk on small wages in one of the Washington departments, used to make a daily pilgrimage out Pennsylvania avenue to the camp and the hospitals. He practiced the severest economy, so that every penny he could spare might go to the sick, and he was unwearying in his devotion to the wounded, carrying to them wine and cordials, mixing medicines, and frequently sitting beside a dying man's cot through the long hours of the night.

It is apparently almost as difficult for a tradesman to gain entrance to Marlborough House, the London residence of the Prince of Wales, as it is to get within the lines of an armed camp. A narrow glass door in the right wing of the palace is reserved for such visitors, and only those having an appointment previously arranged for by the Prince's valets are admitted, while several soldiers and minor officers of the law are close about to prevent the admittance of undesirable persons. A "trade interview" with his Royal Highness is said to last about three minutes.

*

A curious story from Russia relates that the Grand Duke Sergius, Governor of Moscow, recently went about that city disguised as a peasant to find by personal observation whether there was any truth in the complaints of extortion made against the bakers. At one bake shop, where he insisted on buying three kopecks' worth of bread from a loaf valued at three kopecks and a half, a quarrel ensued, which resulted in the calling of the police, who ejected the pseudo-peasant without ceremony. When the Grand Duke's identity was disclosed three of the police officers concerned in the affair committed suicide.

Otto, King of Bavaria, is reported to show symptoms of breaking health. Were it true, this would be comfortable news for his attendants. He is a madman in whom the instincts of the wild beast predominate and the qualities of a human being are almost lacking. At times his behavior is that of a caged tiger. As he possesses enormous physical strength, and has, until lately at least, exhibited perfect physical strength, his attendants are exposed to great peril while his paroxysms last. The difficulties of their position are increased by the fact that they are compelled to show a certain degree of respect for their lawful king, even when in his ferocity he wants to kill them and smash the furniture.

John Ruskin's dogmatism, if his intense earnestness may be so described, is inherited. His parents are thus described by the late James Smetham in an account of a visit to Denmark hill in 1855: "His father is a fine old gentleman, who has a lot of bushy gray hair, and eyebrows sticking up all rough and knowing, with a comfortable way of coming up to you with his hands in his pockets and making you comfortable, and saying, in answer to your remark, that 'John's' prose works are pretty good. His mother is a reddy, dignified, richly dressed old gentlewoman of seventy-five, who knows Chamounix better than Camberwell; evidently a good old lady, with the Christian Treasury tossing about on the table."

A Glimpse at the Grand River Indians.

(By E. Pauline Johnson.)

When the Iroquois first settled in Canada after their long and stormy battles for Britain and loyal adherence to her flag through the American War of Independence, they were a wealthy people as far as real estate was concerned. At that time the Imperial grant to the Six Nations comprised the territory lying within six miles on either side of the Grand River from its source to its mouth, a tract that included the larger portion of the present counties of Wellington, Waterloo, Brant and Haldimand. That was a hundred years ago. To-day all the land that these Indians can call their own is the little corner situated along the boundary of the two last named counties, and known as the Grand River Reserve, embracing fifty-three thousand acres of uninteresting, timberless and in many places marshy land, which, however, is yearly improving under the industry of farming and the statute labor law, which is most urgently enforced by the local (native) pathmasters.

Notwithstanding the diminution of their red brethren in the North-West, statistics show that the Six Nations are on the increase, numbering as they do three thousand five hundred against three thousand three hundred ten years ago. Their numbers are augmented by a small band of Delawares and Chippawas, the total being nearly four thousand Indians, and almost without exception a self-supporting, law-abiding people. The majority are Christians, but in their very midst are five hundred pagans, clinging with all the force of a rooted conviction and herculean character to the old rites, the old myths, the old customs, whose origin is too remote for the most studious Indianologist to discover. Most of these pagans are Onondagas, that splendid tribe whose aristocracy was exclusive and ancient even in the middle of the fifteenth century, when its world-famous chief, Hiawatha, framed that wonderful confederacy, that invincible constitution known as the Iroquois League, and the descendants of the "fifty noble chiefs" who were his compeers at that time, are counted among not only the Onondagas but among the remnants of all the five great nations living to-day in peace and comparative plenty along the beautiful shores of the Grand River.

It is to the pagans particularly that one's heart goes out in admiration, respect and affection. The Mohawks, despite all their ancient records of war and blood and revenge, that struck terror into the hearts of settlers, and less blood-thirsty tribes, have been more ready to adopt the white man's God-worship than have these haughty, doctrinal Onondagas. The Mohawks were Christians more than a century ago, but last January the Onondagas performed as zealously as ever that highest rite of their old-time faith, the solemn sacrifice of the Burning of the White Dog. I doubt if in all America there is a more simple, yet imposing and sacred sight, than this annual ceremony. This is no harrowing heathen formula to appease an angry deity. The God of the Onondagas is "the Great Spirit," who nurses his people in the hollow of his hand, and to whom they offer sacrifice as a tribute, not as a mediation.

With marvelous beauty of belief, they congregate at their place of worship, the "Long House," to dance, sing and chant their praises and supplications upon every important occasion in their simple lives. At seed-time the blessings of the Great Spirit must be invoked to promote a rapid and successful yield of corn; at strawberry season their thanks must be offered for the wild, red fruit that is such an evidence of the all-caring Good One; at blackberry time this thanksgiving must be repeated; at harvest time days and days must be spent at the Thanksgiving Dance, and feasts must be held and the Giver of all Good glorified in these crude manners of adoration; and then in midwinter (the exact time is always decided by certain relations to the moon) the great sacrificial rite is performed. The officiator bears but little similitude to anything like a High Priest; I have never heard of anything resembling either hereditary or conferred priesthood among the Iroquois, but he must be a scion of the very venerable house wherein runs the hereditary office, and his ancestors have for centuries been the Fire Keepers of the Council, himself the Fire Keeper or the keeper presumptive. This family has without doubt the bluest blood in their veins that America boasts. This is no imported nobility but a native American aristocracy that counted itself ancient at Hiawatha's time, and the same birthright that gives them the title of Fire Keeper gives also the right to officiate at the White Dog Sacrifice.

There is an unwritten, but not unchronicled, ritual in everything pertaining to their religion, counseling the healing arts wherever an Indian is concerned, and the conservative ceremonials in connection with the White Dog Sacrifice would fill a book. The people dance and make speeches for days and nights beforehand. Each clan or *gens* has its appointed place in the Long House, its appointed precedence, and time, and occupation, and none but the Fire Keeper and his male relatives may touch the offering, which must be a dog, spotless, and absolutely without blemish. If none such can be obtained, no sacrifice is burnt that year, but they are generally bred for the purpose in that section of the reserve.

The animal is always strangled in solitude, and no blood must be shed. It is then decorated with ribbons, strings of wampum, and brilliant dyes. Its fore feet are fastened together with ribbons which are looped in similar fashion around the hind feet, the ribbon slung over the chief's shoulder, and the animal carried thus, warm with recent life, into the Long House, where, to the jingle of turtle shell, rattles the beat of the strange, wild drum, never heard except among the Redmen. The procession moves slowly, with odd, irregular step, round and round the old log building, the head chief leading; the officiator next, and after him the lesser participators. It is a weird sound; the monotonous shuffle of dancing feet, the rattle of beads and anklets and bracelets, the occasional click of a knife or tomahawk against the silver of brooches decorating the fantastic costumes, and the eerie, uncanny dum-beats, drowned at times by the wild, hollow chant sung by the men with painted faces and turtle rattles.

And after a time the procession files outside, where a log fire is blazing. The animal is held for a few seconds in the hands of the Fire-Keeper, who, while he repeats in a high-pitched voice, and hollow, *Indianlike* tone (no other phrase can express the sound), the formula of this time-honored ritual, drops the lifeless dog into the coals, with three indescribable calls, sprinkling upon the burning offering an incense contained in a little bark basket, which must also be burned that nothing sacred may be carried away.

The blue smoke curls upwards, carrying, they say, all their prayers, all their thanksgivings on its rolling, billowy clouds. I know of nothing lovelier, nothing purer, ay, nothing grander than to watch that azure smoke ascend until it mingles with the far-off clouds; ascend, laden with the trustful prayers. The childlike faith of this handful of a once mighty race ascends until it sweeps beyond the stars to the far, far Happy Hunting Grounds, and I doubt not unburdens its message at the feet of the everlasting Manitou who lights his peace pipe evermore between his lodge and his faithful children, congregated to do him honor in some far-off Pagan settlement, in the heart of the Grand River Reserve.

And this is but a passing glimpse at one tribe of that most conservative people living—the Iroquois. Reform is an unknown thing where a nation is steeped in romance of legend and lineage, and where the old time customs and folk lore are adhered to with the pertinacity of the Redman. There are few races that will not cling to their arts and politics as jealously as to their religion, and this very tenacity is the one distinguishable characteristic that cements individuals into a nation. There is little left wherewith to gauge the possibilities to which a people may attain by means of educational advancement, when they are shorn beforehand of all that is best in their mental and moral condition, and this is almost the first step that most individuals wish to take when working to civilize what they are pleased to call the savage. They strip the tree of all its beauty of foliage, they would not have one little leaf of inborn superstition or destructive nationality left if it were possible to destroy such; then they take the bare unlovely trunk, transplant it into artificial soil, and marvel that it thrives not. The people who do this always conclude their efforts by saying resignedly that nothing can be "made" out of the Redman. Strip the Indian nation of its heredity, its romance, its legendary lore, its faith, and indeed all its mental and sentimental acquirements, and what is there left of man and manhood to work upon? The mere physical humanity of restless nomads, whose lives and modes of living there differ too widely from the majority of human kind to excite even the simplest fellow feeling that ought to exist between man and man.

Much has been said and written in the present day about civilizing the Indians of North America, but it has mainly been theoretical matter from pens wet in political ink, or from the lips of would-be philanthropists who endeavor to revolutionize Indians, emigrants and Esquimaux all on the same plan. The real enthusiast, the genuine Indianologist says: "Leave the Redman as he is mentally and morally. In such respects he is equal to his pale brethren. Leave him at least 'the ashes of his fathers, the temple of his gods,' but don't leave him to starvation—physical care is the first step on the road that leads to Indian citizenship. He is no better, no stronger than his fellow kind."

A starving man is necessarily a degraded man; hunger will slay principle and virtue more effectually than anything else in the world, and one grows very indifferent to honor and nobility when absolute starvation gnaws out his body and he sees the food he rightfully owns being swallowed by another, who like the man in Holy Writ possessed flocks of his own but took his poor neighbor's one ewe lamb and served it for his guest.

One has but to look into the beauties of the Pagan faith, Pagan honor and Pagan poetry to realize the boundless possibilities to which the Redman may gravitate if he is once placed upon the right road that leads to high civilization.

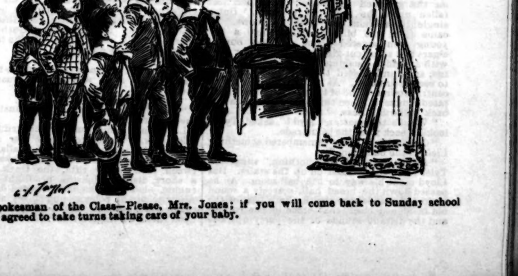
To Fix the Fact.

Obadiah—An' you doan' b'leeve in evahlastin', Cephas?

Cephas—I kain't, deacon; fur hit's got no beginnin' an' no endin'.

Obadiah—Heab, boy! When you git to be fool man, an' git married, an' you take jo' wife to see a neighbah, an' de two women comes to part an' to say good night on de front stoop whilst you stan' stompin' yo' feet to keep 'em wawm, ef you doan' begin fur to b'leeve in etehnity you mus' be a idiot.

Co-operative Nursing.



Spokesman of the Class—Please, Mrs. Jones; if you will come back to Sunday school we've agreed to take turns taking care of your baby.

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR

By LOUIS HARMAN PEET.

In the row of time-worn dormitories stretching their lengthened shadows across the green turf, most of the vine-clustered windows had been closed. A few forms strayed mournfully about the campus, and occasionally a porter wheeling a trunk passed upon the cross. A cab stood before a dormitory entry. Some bags were hastily thrown in and a young man reached his hand from within the vehicle to a fellow collegian who remained standing on the entry steps.

"Good-bye, Tyler," he said; "you must be about the last left, now!"

"Yes," said the other with a laugh. "But I time, he found in the mirrored moonlight flutter away to morrow. Good-bye, Lloyd. near the window a single white rose, a little We shall look for you in August."

The young men shook hands, and the cab, trailing a low, yellow wake of dust, vanished beneath the over-arching trees.

There was no better known man in college than Goddard Lloyd. His rooms were the acknowledged *salons* whence issued edicts and opinions that, by the college world, were regarded as *ex cathedra*. From the day he entered the university to the day he graduated he had been a leader. In field days at the athletic grounds, his coach, crowned with the most exclusive set, drew to a focus the flashings of the restless *lorgnettes* and aroused ripples of low-voiced comments. Sometimes he took a more active interest than that of spectator. On one occasion a fellow collegian needed a round sum for a troublesome mortgage. At a cotillion he led one evening his partner, a co-worker in the plot, into a casual way of its pressing difficulties. Lloyd listened with apparent indifference, but the next day he gathered a committee together and organized a plan for a benefit. The following week an entertainment—a thoroughly college affair—was given in the gymnasium and the sum was raised. Lloyd stood at the entrance taking the tickets himself a group of small boys came scampering up the stairs, their imaginations all on fire to witnessing the prowess of the "scoodents," as they called them. When they reached the rail they stopped and looked anxiously at one of their number, who had evidently been chosen spokesman for the party. The young treasurer, with an air of responsibility, put his hand in his fat little knee-breeches' pockets, and assumed a consternation wrinkled his chubby features.

"Fellers, I've lost 'em," he piped.

"Lost what?" asked Lloyd, a smile just showing beneath his yellow mustache; an amused twinkle shone in his blue eyes as he surveyed the startled band.

"The tickets!" gasped the little fellow, in tones that showed the approach of tears.

"How many are there?" asked Lloyd.

"Fifteen!" said the little treasurer hesitatingly, looking around upon his companions gathered in an anxious knot about him.

"All right," laughed Lloyd. "Here," he added, placing the little treasurer in front, "get into line, boys, and pass through."

As they trooped by he turned and calling across to Heyward Evans in the opposite box he said:

"This is on me."

When Lloyd went on the staff of the *Undergraduate* his career was watched with interest. But none expected the thunderbolts that for a series of weeks leaped from his sanctum's editorial columns, attacking with dignity, but with vigor, the position the faculty had taken regarding certain religious duties.

It was society, however, that regarded Lloyd its special favorite. He was an entertaining guest and a faultless dancer. Every hostess felt a sense of security when Lloyd accepted and she heard the sonorous tones of his voice in pleasing story.

But when Head Hall was resounding with the merriment of banquets, it was Lloyd's after dinner speech that was brightest. His satire was keenest, his pathos deepest. And when the days came when the fellows of his class scattered out beyond the college halls into the world, it was with a sense of pride every classmate recalled that Lloyd had graced the class supper. His words were few that June night, but they were telling. The tables rang w h the clink of glasses when he rose to the loasts, but as the sounds died and his words broke on the quiet, there was something in his tone that told every man that satire and jollity and quips were far away from the speaker at that moment. As he went on, his words fell with a noble tenderness and a direct manliness that held the boisterous throng hushed spellbound; and when he closed, a hush that no one cared to break rested about the tables, telling of still thoughts, of brooding sentiments, of quiet self-communings.

The white columns of the Tyler mansion were flecked with a shifting lacework of light and shade as the August moonlight fell upon them through the tall maples that for decades had shaded the old colonial porch. Tiny Chinese lanterns twinkled about the veranda railings after carriages wheeled through the stone gate-posts up the graveled driveway to a gaily striped awning spread beneath the portico. Dainty white slippers tripped lightly from the coaches' steps; fluffy summer gowns rustled up the canvas archway; the fragrance of flowers, the odors of coaxed stuffs hung in the broad hall; masses of green, dashed here and there with white and red roses, banked the square stairway, and from unseen recesses beyond floated the soft music of mandolins.

"Mr. Lloyd was your brother's classmate, was he not?" asked Miss Worth, as she leaned forward as the mirror and fastened securely to her corsage a bunch of white roses.

"Yes. I hope you will find him an entertaining partner in leading to night. He is, I believe, quite a 'record,' as they say in college," replied Miss Tyler, who sat leisurely buttoning her gloves.

"I understand he is coming to New York this winter."

"Why, no," said Miss Tyler, looking up. "Haven't you heard? This vi-it with us, he says, is his farewell appearance."

"I had not heard that. Where is he going—to Philadelphia?"

"No; out West somewhere, on a newspaper. He intends to be a journalist, I believe," replied Miss Tyler.

"That will be sad news to the Graylings. He was to be their guest, if he came to New York, and I know they quite counted upon the pleasure. Mr. Lloyd is such a social success I seems really sad to think of it."

"Perhaps," said Miss Tyler, glancing up with a smile as she laid the glove buttoner upon the bureau, "you can induce him to change his plans during the short weeks you are with us. Come," she added, rising; "I think it is time to go down."

Ere long the cotillion, with all its brilliance, was over. The last lingering guest had departed, the last wheel had grated on the graveled driveway; a silence had fallen upon the gray old mansion. But a single light shone from its windows. It came from the billiard-room, where a few young men hovered about an open box of cigars and some cut-glass decanters. At last, with a sudden pushing back of chairs, they, too, arose and passed through the quiet halls to seek retirement. As they reached the broad central staircase one of the party stopped, hesitated a moment, then turned about and started back in the darkness.

"What's the matter, Lloyd?" asked Tyler, looking back from the balustrade.

"Oh, nothing. I just remembered something I left in the ball room."

"Better leave it till morning," suggested Tyler; and they passed on up the stairs. But Lloyd made his way to the ball-room. As he passed down the broad hall, scarcely a sound broke the silence save the rhythmic beat of the old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, and the distant sounds of the party upstairs retiring. Drawing aside the silken *portiere*, he stepped upon the polished floor of the deserted ball-room. What a contrast it presented! The lights were out, but through the long windows at the further end the moonlight poured rectangles of silver upon the polished floor. By the soft reflection he could dimly see the chairs ranged in silent rows about the edges of the room, the sombre Puritans upon the wall, the sparkle of the crystal pendants on the chandeliers.

He made his way to the chair in which Miss Worth had sat in the cotillion, and felt about it. After searching for some time, he found in the mirrored moonlight near the window a single white rose, a little crushed but still fragrant. He leaned leaning against the window and looked out. The still trees were sleeping in the moonbeams. Then he stood gazing at the flower.

. . . . . .

The editorial rooms of the Hurlton *Tornado* were humming with the accumulated activity that in every newspaper's quarters characterizes the few hours just before "going to press." All the energies throughout the large news factory were whirring at the acme tension. Clustered about the desks, the editor, at desks ranged in silent rows about the edge of the room, the sombre Puritans upon the wall, the sparkle of the crystal pendants on the chandeliers. copy-readers, with brisk blue pencils, were ruthlessly severing lines from seemingly woven padding. Just beyond, restless reporters, with half-smoked cigars slanting from their clenched lips, were sputtering pens in a noisy race for "space." Men with shirt-sleeves rolled up and vests unbuttoned were bending in earnest search over files of rustling newspaper. Bells were ringing and doors were slamming; messenger-boys were clamoring for attention at the little glazed window in the building partition, while office-boys, with handfuls of proofs, were hurrying from room to room. All was seeming confusion, yet the whole movement went on without the slightest interruption to the accomplishment of its sure results.

"You are filling up pretty fast, Cotter," said the managing editor, as he paused at the "night desk," and surveyed the schedule of estimated space already sent up to the composing-room. "Things will slump down to hard pan," he continued, rubbing his shirt-sleeve with one hand, as he studied the calculations. "I'll be added, as he finished and laid of the schedule down, extracting a strip from the proofs in his hand, "better put a double head on this 'Disappearance' and run the resolutions in that earthquake meeting in agate."

"Heard anything from Lloyd yet?" asked the night editor, as he received the proofs into his hand. The managing editor had started toward his private office across the room, but at the question turned rapidly on his heel and canted back.

"No," he said, shortly; "and, to tell the truth, Cotter, I'm a little anxious. It's getting late. We should get a say-so through to the Head. Something seems to be the matter with the wire up there. I can't understand it."

As he finished, an office boy from the telegraph-room came up with a despatch and handed it to him. The managing editor grasped it quickly, glanced at its brief intelligence and faced the night editor.

"Guthrie," he said, "sends in that there's a fire lighting the heavens in the direction of the mine. I suppose that's what's raising the devilitry with the wires. Well, we must trust to Lloyd. It is the most important 'story,' by long odds, that we shall have, and depend upon it, if there's a possible way to get the stuff in, Lloyd is going to do it. So we shall hold the forms open up to the last moment."

He turned abruptly, and the night editor took up a fresh batch of "copy."

"Where is Lloyd?" asked the assistant night editor, who sat on the other side of the desk "whipping" matter into shape.

"Covering a mine explosion at Indian Head," replied the night editor, as he dragged his blue pencil through half a page introduction in the story before him. "We had special word of it and the chances are it may be exclusive."

"Indian Head! That's the gorge up beyond the timber belt from Guthrie, isn't it?" went the assistant as he sliced a piece of manuscript with the shears.

"Yes; Guthrie is at the junction on the main line, and a branch runs from it through the belt and the gorge to the mine at the Head."

"I know the place. It's a ticklish jaunt in the night from the mine down to the station in the gorge."

The night editor nodded, scribbled a two-stick entry on the schedule and glanced at the clock.

"It's getting late," he muttered.

. . . . . .

The two men sat talking together on the platform of the ruder station at Indian Head. Against the surrounding darkness their hard features, lit by the red lantern at their feet, stood out in crimson bas-relief. On the track beside the station several freight cars were waiting to be coupled to an engine that stood a few feet ahead, panting leisurely.

"It's gettin' brighter, Bill," said one, extending his horny forefinger toward the top of the gorge. The other glanced up to the dark, timbered masses that crowned the cliffs rising on either side. The feathery cones were tinted with a faint glow that edged the sky in pink-hah notches.

"The gang needs the stuff," went on the first, contemplatively, "but 'tain't no use tryin' to push through that."

A click of steps suddenly sounded behind. Both men turned sharply.

"Where's the telegraph here?" exclaimed a young man, striding out of the darkness.

"Whatdo ye want on 'it" growled one of the men, with a keen look at the new-comer. "Oh!" he added, with a nod of recognition; "it's the moonpo r chap. Glory, mister, but the wires is cleaned out. Guess you'll have ter hang onter yer noses ter night. How's the gang up ter the Head? Ryan's the supplyr train all straight, waitin' ter go, but the fire outside's too he'vy."

"It grows worse every moment at the Head," said Lloyd, talking in short sentences with a quick glance of his keen, bright eyes. Then he turned them full upon the men with a searching look, as he noted the train. "The doctors are hard pressed on hand, and everything is supply rain for assistance. You say this is it?" pointing to the car. "Well, what are you waiting for? Are I time like this? And the wires? Cleaned out! Fire outside? What do you mean?"

"Yer mean ye don't startin' fas' night t'other side o' yonder," said the man who held the lantern, slowly pointing to the massive cliffs that walled the gorge on the left, "has a slight fire 'round an' t'other side a swath cross the track ha'way 'twixt hyar an' Guthrie. See thar? Ye kin see the glow on the tree-tops. That's why we're waitin'."

"How wide is it?"

"We seed it comin' up on the train ter night an' made out as it was 'bout er quart'r mile wide."

"Did it seem near?"

"No. But timber fires kinder hustle when they git started."

Lloyd folded his arms and looked thoughtfully down the gorge. On either side the solid rock rose in mighty walls, which sloped gradually to the mouth beyond. Between their sheer rifts, the track, lit for a short distance by the headlight of the engine, shot its rails into wooded darkness. A few telegraph poles swung tipsily along the rough embankment, and as Lloyd's eye fell upon them, his fingers tightened convulsively, and beneath his coat he felt the "copy" of his "story."

"If only it were up there, flashing straight into the office!" he thought. And he could almost see the night-editor looking nervously at the little brass clock on his desk.

With a sudden movement, he turned to the men.

"You two are the engineer and fireman of the supply train, aren't you?"

"Sorter," said the men, looking up in a surprised way.

"Well, see here!" said Lloyd quickly. "They need aid at the mine. You must send to get it. I must get to Guthrie, to telegraph my stuff in. It is your duty and mine to push through if we can. Here is the engine waiting. Let us drive ahead. We haven't a minute to lose."

The two men stood aghast.

"Why, man, ye're crazy! Have ye ever seed a timber fire?"

"This is no time to get frightened," said Lloyd, in a firm, stern voice. "For all that you know, the worst of it has passed the tracks. See! The glow is fainter on the trees. The run through the belt is a short one. You passed it safely enough but a short time ago. Come, don't waste time. There is life ebbing away up there at the mine for lack of assistance. Every hour brings to light mangled and bleeding sufferers, waiting, dying for the aid of the things this train was sent to get, and here you are, afraid to move, because of a fire whose glare or danger you have not gauged. Come, try it, and if we find it too heavy, why, then turn back. At least make the effort. What do you say?"

The men glanced up at the line of pink on the trees and steadily measured the faint effulgence. They looked long and earnestly. At one they turned and slowly shook their heads. With a decisive step, Lloyd brushed past them to the engine.

"Ryan! What ye doin'?" said the men, starting forward.

Without waiting to answer, Lloyd seized the brass hand-rod and swung himself into the cab. With a quick shove he drove the lever over, and drew the throttle. There was a hissing of steam from the cylinder, and the great mass began to move. Behind, the men stood, mingled with oaths, and turning saw the fireman and engineer leave the red lantern and spring toward him with wild gestures. He caught up a shovel that lay on the coal in the tender, and sprang to the cab entrance.

"The man that tries to board this engine will wish he had a wooden, little leg instead!"

The two men stopped short, looked up at his determined attitude, and fell back. Lloyd tossed the shovel back into the tender, and grasping the throttle, increased the speed. As he did so, he gave a short glance at the clock above the steam-gauge.

"No time to lose now!" he said.

Down the golden pathway which the advancing headlight streamed before him, past trees that swirled by in rushing currents, past rocks that sprang from out the darkness, blazed for an instant and sprang back into it again, followed by all the thundering echoes of the cliffs, Lloyd plunged through the gorge. As he leaned from the cab-window, his hair fluttering in the cool night wind, and caught the heavy, fragrant smells of the forest, instinctively he recalled the nights when camping out on vacations he used to ride up on lumbering "49" with old Kit Miller from the village where he got provisions, to the solitary little signal station by the lake where the tent was pitched; and as he tried the wheels of the engine ever to ascertain the condition of the boiler, he could almost hear, as he saw the reassuring sputters that hissed forth, the old veteran engineer mutter his oft-repeated "Steady!"

"When yer don't git to sizzle ye jest want ter look sharp fer yer kerrickter!"

His frame shook with the tremble of the cab; beneath his feet the floor quivered and shot from side to side with a hard, jarring swing that wrenched his muscles. Through the windows, over the long, black outline of the swaying boiler, the rails raced before the headlight. Mile after mile sped by, and he scanned the trees closely on either side but could see no indication of a fire. He began to think he had made a hasty judgment of the situation, and as he remembered the long delay, the time lost before him, with its dead and dying, with its little band of surgeons laboring with splint and bandage to the full limit of their energies, darly in the night they had ordered off the engine he was now driving with every ounce of steam he dared, and, he thought, had the hard-faced men on the station down at the bridge should, had not clearly needed would by this time have been here.

As he stood with hand on the throttle, peering ahead and watching the rails shoot their fleet silver through the wooded masses, his alert eye caught a sudden faint glimmer of dull red, sifting through the foliage ahead to the left. Almost at the same moment the rails began to curve in that direction, and the next instant, through the depth of the trees, a glow broke like a sunset. At every turn of the wheel it grew brighter and broader, spreading along the edges of the sky a crimson flush which the intervening trees shot forth beautiful in rigid lines of black. At times the thin pennants of flame leaped from the red background and flowed through the tops of the distant trees. As Lloyd studied the play of their lights, it was difficult to tell with certainty the direction the fire was taking. Now and then a quick brightening indicated an approach, then a fading, a retreat. The track bent again, and Lloyd saw, with keen satisfaction, that it sped one mile more to the main run, which kept the red glow wholly to the left.

"They seem to be running parallel," he said, glancing from one to the other. "The fire, though, looks distant, and I guess I can slip by before it heads me off. There I'll be added, with a backward look, "very much more of the timber belt to run through, then the iron bridge, with Guthrie just beyond. Now for the home-stretch!"

The wheels rang with the increased speed. Every now and then Lloyd glanced to the left, but the red flush clung steadily opposite. He strained his eyes down the track for the faintest swerve. Suddenly a spear of flame quivered across the leafy arcade that stretched in front. It was followed by another and another.

"It is coming like a race-horse," thought Lloyd, an anxious look gathering in his eyes. He glanced back over the tender, and saw that slender will-o'-the-wisp gleams were darting across the darkness. A hard, bitter expression came into his face as he realized their import. Up to this point it had been only a race, but now it was to be a race for life. With a sudden tightening of his muscles at the thought, he was facing around when a hard jolt of the locomotive threw him sharply backward against the engineer's seat. The quick grinding of the wheels told instinctively that he was rounding a curve. Which way was it heading? He sprang to the window, in spite of himself a cry of dismay rose to his lips. The track was twisting rapidly to the left!

A yellow gleam ran along the rail, and then a lurid rush of light streamed ahead. It was like the sudden opening of the door of a furnace. Towering above the storm of fire that swept beneath them, the bare tops of mighty trees gleamed white against the sky; gusts of flame shot through the branches, and the fired leaves whirled aloft like flocks of birds frightened from their nests; clouds of smoke, forced with angry red tongues of light, rolled about; sparks rained in golden showers. From the banks beside the track flames smote the cab-windows like swords Lloyd heard the glass crash and splinter, and the scorching lances struck across his hands and face. He shivered at the hot crepitation, and half-blinded, tried to shield his face with his right arm, while he clung to the throttle with his left. The full horror of his situation burst upon him. He had been suddenly turned into the very face of the conflagration. It was too late to turn back, as he well knew. Already the flames had closed in across the straight run behind, while about him rose a semi-circular wall of fire. As he reeled in the awful heat he thought bitterly, with a gasp there was but one thing to do—push forward in the hope that, ahead, another curve might turn him out. He leaned down and grasping a handful of "waste" that lay beneath the engineer's seat, wound the thick matted stuff about his arms. Then with bowed head, his arms shielding his face, his teeth hard set, he gazed through the throttle firmly and sent a rush of steam into the cylinders. With a wild bound the great mass of steel and iron shot forward through the flames.

A few men with their shirt-sleeves rolled up and with pens thrust behind their ears were sitting idly before their little ground-glass compartments on the instrument tables of the telegraph-room in the editorial quarters of the Hurlton *Tornado*. The small brass keys that had clicked steadily for the past few hours were silent, and the clock overhead showed that it was within but a few moments of the time for the closing of the forms. One of the men was munching a sandwich, another was sipping a cup of hot coffee, a third was lighting an old clay pipe he had just filled. An air of relaxation from hard and engrossing toil pervaded the little room.

"That's a stupid jay they've got up to Elkston. Had to get him to repeat every fifth line," said John Hartley, the quietest telegrapher in the office.

"He makes you nervous, eh, John?" laughed Williams, who sat beside him.

"Well, I should say he did. Why the——"

Suddenly the instrument before him began to tick violently.

"Hully gee!" said John, leaning forward and listening. "What's that at this time of night, with the forms just closing?"

All the men glanced at the clock, watched the instrument and listened.

"It's Guthrie!" said John, seizing the sender and flashing back an answer. "Why, the blamed fool gave me '30—good night,' an hour ago!"

There was a moment's pause. Then the instrument sounded again.

"It's Lloyd!" said John, pale with excitement. "It's Lloyd! Quick, Bill! Grab the managing editor! Get him to hold the forms!"

Williams burst from the room.

One of the men seized a pile of blanks, and began to take down as John read from the instrument. His pen sputtered the ink in a flowing dash, and as each page he hurled it aside, where it was caught up by one of the other men and hurried aloft to the composing-rooms. The instrument seemed almost to break from its fastenings, such a stream it poured from its rattling teeth. Faster and faster flew the pen of the man beside John. "Stop" after "take" was hurried out of the room.

Later, the managing editor stood in the doorway of the telegraph-room, his brow flushed. The telegraphers had resumed their careless attitude and were looking up toward him.

"It's all in, boys," he said. "And it's a dandy story. It's a scoop, sure, and we've beat the town."

"Lloyd must have had a narrow squeak through that fire," said one.

"Lloyd!" said the managing editor. "Oh, I know he'd do it somehow. He's one of the pushing kind."

. . . . . .

On the floor of the New York Stock Exchange a couple of young men stood talking together. It was just before the opening—just before the time when the members draw together around the different sales posts like iron filings about a magnet.

"I had from Tyler the other day. You know his chum, Goddard Lloyd?"

"Yes. I knew him in college. What of him? He went West into journalism, didn't he?"

"Yes. But he's coming back soon. He is going to take charge of one of our Eastern dailies."

"No! Is that so?"

"Yes. And by the way, you know that pretty Miss Worth at the Tylers last summer?"

"Yes. She was a strikingly attractive girl."

"I should say she was! I hear Lloyd is going to marry her."

Just then the gavel sounded on the desk, the two young men sprang forward and threw up their arms wildly, an uproar of human voices burst on the air, and the great Stock Exchange opened for the day.

THE END.

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; **St. Katharine by the Tower**, by Walter Besant; **The World, the Flesh and the Devil**, by Miss Braddon; **In the Heart of the Storm**, by the author of **The Silence of Dean Maitland**, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all booksteres.

A Little Misunderstanding.

Gentleman (in the rear explaining)—That is the celebrated Dr. Schlatter, the explorer. Not a handsome man, you'll say, but he has a fine physique.

Mr. Has he? I'm told it's a difficult creature to rear in this country. I had a chimpanzee given me last year, but the cold soon killed it.

The Difference.

A little New Yorker was reading a newspaper. Looking up he says:

"Aldermen are called city fathers, ain't they, pa?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well, what's the difference between them and other fathers?"

"The difference is very similar. As a general thing, their sons run in debt and their fathers have to pay: but the city fathers contract debts and their sons, and even their grandsons, have to pay. That's the difference, my son."

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The Miner's Dream.

In the bonanza days of the Comstock Lode, Virginia City, Nevada, hatched two populations, in many ways distinct from one another. During the week, the steep streets of the little town, being on the mountain side, were thronged by crowds of eager speculators, mine owners, brokers and business men, who watched the bulletin board for the latest quotations of the San Francisco Stock Exchange, and in offices, saloons and hotel lobbies, discussed the market, and exchanged reports and rumors concerning the condition of this or that mine. On Saturday evening the scene was changed. Thousands of brawny miners then came up from the deep workings for their one breath of fresh air and day for leisure; and as the greater number of these were Cornishmen, they gave a new and foreign aspect to the place.

Miners, whatever their nationality, are superstitious. They live close to nature in her mysterious moods, and they acquire a peculiar tendency to belief in the supernatural. Mines are, at best, uncanny places, full of deep shadows and corners of impenetrable obscurity; full also of queer noises, and the creaking and cracking of heavy timbers, and the rush or drip of water; while in the dim depths, far from one to three thousand feet beneath the surface of the earth, there is an ever-present sense of danger—danger from the immense pressure of the superincumbent mass of rock, and from fire, which, once started in those labyrinths of wood-lined passages, spreads with such appalling rapidity as to baffle and defeat even the utmost precaution and preparation. So it is that the Comstock miners were given to superstition. They brought with them and traditions of fearful things seen in the deep workings; of spectral appearances, of mysterious voices, and more than all else, of supernatural warnings and premonitions prefacing disasters in the mines. An interesting volume could have been compiled by any one frequenting the favorite saloons of these honest, old-fashioned miners, for on Saturday nights they were in the habit of "swapping yarns," and the story to be told hinged on one of which many a time told over pipes and glasses, on these festal occasions.

Trelour and James Pennart were employed in the Yellow Jacket mine, and, being close friends, they had arranged so as to be in the same shaft—a term nearly equivalent to the sailor's "watch"—at work. Trelour was the elder of the two—a sturdy, powerful, handsome man of thirty, known and liked for his constant readiness to befriend his comrades. He was brave and gentle, modest yet resolute; a man of action, yet at the same time a man of sentiment. His chum, Jim Pennart, was six years his junior, and contrasted with Trelour in many ways. He was physically robust, but of lighter frame, good-looking, honest, frank, but possessing less decision and a timidity that was almost morbid. Pennart had an intellect above the merely boyish one which he gained in livelier. He had managed to educate himself partially, and knew enough to be dissatisfied with his position in life. He was not considered selfish, but his wants came in instances which are formed to absorb rather than to dispense trust and affection. John Trelour's loving friendship was poured out upon him, and he accepted it as a perfectly satisfactory course manifestation. Had the opportunity occurred he might have proved capable of self-sacrifice; as it was, he seemed merely to let himself be loved.

Now these two friends did what has severed many friendships: they fell in love with the same woman. Alice Minton was a beautiful girl, but of American parentage and born in California. Left an orphan without means in her sixteenth year, she had been suddenly taken to teaching, and had presently obtained a position in one of the public schools of Virginia City, through the interest of an old mining friend of her father. She met the comrades, Trelour and Pennart, at a ball, where both had danced with her, and whence both had walked to their homes, in the unaccustomed silence. The truth was that Jack and Jim were equally hard hit, though neither thought for a moment that the other had been fascinated by the pretty and attractive young teacher. Before the mutual discovery occurred, moreover, both had become still more deeply enslaved, and when at last they became in light, dismay fell upon each, as they looked at each other. Trelour was the first to recover from the shock. His face was pale and his mouth drawn and set, as he slowly said:

"Jim, lad, do'st 'ee care for her greatly?"

Jim, with pained eyes and trembling lips, made answer:

"Jack! She's just all there is to me!"

Then silence fell again, and the two brooded, shielding their faces with their hands, no longer looking at each other.

Trelour's voice, low and yet strained, at last almost whispered:

"Lad—Jim—count me out of the running!" Then a pause, and evidently with difficulty: "Stand thou up to the rack, boy! I'll do all I can for thee!"

There was no more talk on the subject. Pennart accepted the sacrifice, after his manner, perhaps cheapening it by the quieting of his conscience, with the assumption that his friend did not really care much for the girl. Trelour did not appear to feel the renunciation deeply, though he knew in his heart of hearts that he had missed the best life could hold for him, and though even his modesty could hardly have failed to realize that Alice looked upon him with special kindness. But he kept his word loyally to her, and when he found Pennart continuing to visit Alice, though with a single-minded purpose to advance the wooing of his friend, he was only complicating matters by developing the girl's liking for himself, he determined to keep away, and thenceforth did so. Still Jim Pennart's suit did not prosper. Alice Minton was no coquette, but a very proper and ingenuous girl. She did not dislike Jim, and she did not realize that her feeling toward Trelour was anything of a stronger friendliness. It was only as his absence became more marked that she caught herself pondering upon its possible cause, to an extent that awakened her when she reflected on it. Still the full truth remained unsuspected by her, and as Pennart's visits became more frequent, a sense of hallowed commiseration for her, and she was in a fair way to be prepared for his offer of marriage, when something occurred which changed the situation, tragically and definitely.

All the workings on the Comstock Lode are lined and roofed with heavy framed timbers, from a foot to eighteen inches square. Even these massive beams often have proved unequal to the tremendous strain upon them; and when they do not give way at the proper necessary to replace them at intervals, their fibre being destroyed by the pressure. The great heat of the lower workings, too, dries these timbers, so that they become dangerously inflammable; and when, as sometimes has happened, the rock itself is at a very high temperature, mere contact with it may set the wood on fire.

How the great fire in the Yellow Jacket mine started will never be known, for those who were alone likely to know the truth perished in that disaster. The foulest rumors were afterward spread abroad to injure the superintendent of the mine, notwithstanding that he had risked his life in attempting to rescue the imprisoned men.

It was the night before this disaster that John Trelour dreamed a dream. He thought he was down in the mine on the twelve-hundred-foot level, and that some serious accident—but he could not make out what—had happened. Whatever its nature, he found himself, with his mate, Jim, struggling to reach the shaft; and as they labored through the passage there was the sound of a heavy fall, and lo! the way was blocked before them by the collapse of the roof. And he dreamed that he and Jim set to work to dig themselves out, but that his own strength failed under the heat and foul air, and that Pennart had to drag him through the opening they had made. Toward the end, the dream became less distinct, and the last he remembered was a slowly broadening glare of light, which, he thought, represented their approach to the shaft.

Then he awoke, and at breakfast he told his dream; and his comrades did not like it at all, but shook their heads, and one or two of them determined then and there that they would lay off their day and not venture to go down the Yellow Jacket.

Now, the strangest part of this strange story is that no one regarded it fortuitous. She, too, found herself in the mine, and looking on in a great agitation. At first she saw only a crowd of excited miners running this way and that. Then she seemed to fling away from the crowd, and into a comparatively silent working, where two men were frantically digging at a heap of rock and earth that filled the passage in front of them. She looked, and recognized the two friends, but she could not speak or make herself known to them. Presently a narrow opening was made between the roof and the top of the fallen mass, and then the men seemed to be talking, but she could not hear what was said. After a pause, one of the men sank upon the ground, and the other climbed the obstruction and made his way through the opening. At this moment, an intense longing to know which of them had escaped and which was left behind overcame her, but she was not unable to distinguish either faces; and she seemed to strain forward in order to see, a cloud as of vapor or smoke rolled along the dimly lighted passage, obscuring her vision completely, and the girl awoke with a shudder, and the name of John Trelour upon her lips. Then she knew for the first time that the feeling from the moment that this man was stronger than that of friendship. At the breakfast table next morning she, too, told her dream, and those who heard it recalled and marvelled at the story afterward.

For within twelve hours the great fire in the Yellow Jacket mine broke out, and all Virginia City was thronging to the hoisting works, where the miners were hard at work at dangerous speed, and the cage was being almost hurled up and down the deep shaft, and the clanging of the signal bells, the shouting of orders, the excitement of the miners, and the piteous moans and cries of the women who had husbands, fathers, brothers below, combined to make a memorable and tragic scene. And now the smoke grew thicker in the shaft, and those who looked down saw red points there, showing that the fire was no longer confined to one level, but had made its way in the dry timbers far and wide. So prompt and well directed had been the work of the superintendent, that three-fourths of the shift on duty below had been brought up, for the most part uninjured, though in some cases near to suffocation from the smoke and heat. But there were still twenty-seven men unaccounted for, and it was known that most of them had been in the workings farthest from the shaft. So long as these miners were below it was necessary to continue forcing air down the mine, and with the increasing and increasing fire, and now volunteers were called for to go down, at deadly risk, and search for the missing ones. The superintendent announced his intention of heading the first party in person, though he was not loved, the men cheered him for his pluck, and pressed forward with characteristic gallantry and devotion to the cause of humanity in the perilous service. An attempt was made to clear the shafts of smoke sufficiently to prevent its suffocating effect on the men while descending, and the cage was lowered with such a rush that old miners held their breath as they watched the great cable spin over the drum.

Meanwhile the fire had been fulfilling itself in the depths of the mine. Trelour and Pennart were as usual working together when the shaft was reached, and they came out in the level they were then in. They quickly ascertained that the way to the shaft was still open, and they decided that it would be rendered safe by their tools more from forgetfulness than foresight. They were within a hundred yards of the shaft when Trelour halted and pulled his mate back by the arm, just in the ground and walls of the passage shook; there was a rending, grinding crash of timber, and a great mass of rock and dirt fell in front of them, filling the gallery. They stood still until it became clear that there would be no further fall, and with scarcely a word simultaneously attacked the obstructing mass. Both powerful men and skilful miners, they knew how to apply their tools with most effect, and in less than half an hour so much had been cleared away from the top of the barrier that it was possible to creep through close to the roof. But while they had been working, the fire had been advancing in their rear, and sudden puffs of super-heated air, whiffs of black smoke and an ominous rise in the temperature, accompanied by a sharp, crackling sound, growing constantly nearer, warned them that little time was left them for escape. At this moment Pennart leaned exhausted on his pick and turned to Trelour, meaning to ask him if it were not best to stop work and try to free the passage over the pile of rock. To his consternation, he saw John slowly sinking to the ground, his face white, as if fainting. Pennart sprang to his side, and would have saved him, but Trelour shook his head, and, after gasping for breath a moment, whispered rather than spoke:

"No, no, dear lad! It's no use! I'm done! Climb thou through the hole. See! The smoke is thickening, and another minute 'll block that way, too, for 'twill hang under t' roof an choke thee. Good-bye, dear Jim, an' don't worry over me!" And he sank against the timbers of the wall, panting heavily.

The crisis of James Pennart's life had come. In such circumstances men's minds work with lightning rapidity, and he took in the situation instantly and grasped the duty that lay before him clearly. That duty was to save his friend, no matter at what peril to himself. He knew perfectly well that John Trelour would have had no hesitation such a case, and he knew that there was just a chance of being able to thrust John through the hole or to go through first himself and then drag his friend. He felt himself physically capable of doing this, and yet something held him back. All his obligations to his friend rose up against his sluggish will. With them, unhappily, rose, also, a remembrance of Alice Minton's preference for the man who now lay half-unconscious before him. No definite purpose of evil crowded his mind; no definite feeling of jealousy; but the hesitation which paralyzed his moral nature deepened, and this vague, tedious as it is to represent it in words, occupied so few seconds that there seemed to have been hardly a pause after Trelour's speech when his comrade answered:

"Nonsense, John! You're a long way from being done yet. Lean on me, and we'll make the rifflle together."

But as he said this, James Pennart clearly knew that the moment for action had passed. John Trelour's eyes opened slowly, he moved his head so that he could look down the gallery, and seeing a dense curtain of smoke pressing toward them, he sprang to his feet. In the rear, with half-strangled utterance, murmured: "Get out, Jim, for the sake—of—Alice!" and his head sank upon his breast.

Pennart stood motionless, looking from his friend's hand, but unable to speak for emotion, he sprang up the pile of *debris*, forced his body through the narrow opening, rolled down the clear gallery, and reached the shaft in time to be taken up on the last trip of the cage. As he was struggling over the rock-heap after abandoning his comrade, he thought, but could not be sure, that he heard a faint, a dying voice whisper: "Alice!" It might have been an echo or a fancy, and no one could prove or disprove it; for when, after many weeks, the Yellow Jacket mine was once more habitable, nothing but a few charred bones remained beside a fallen rock in the gallery, to show where John Trelour had died. Had died—I have said—but, after all, which of these two men was it whose life ended on that fateful day? John Trelour's name is never mentioned by the miners save with deepest respect and admiration. He, indeed, seems to our circumscribed vision to have missed happiness and success and love; but what do we know of ultimate consequences? As for James Pennart, surely his was a living death from the hour he proved recreant to his duty; for he was sensitive and clear-sighted, and he could not forgive himself. Neither could Alice Minton forgive him, or look upon him with another feeling than pity. She never married, and he, miserable, went forth a wanderer, objectless, hopeless and indifferent to the future, feeling that nothing he held could by any possibility affect or mitigate the weight of that burden of self to which he was bound.

California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all that and south west points. Passengers using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 22 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

Tea.

It is very curious to note the carefully care less management by experienced hostesses at the tremendous reception teas given this winter. To the writer's notice this fact was brought by a successful hostess, who is also a woman who has attended several, with her observant eyes well opened. She remarked that never before had so great attention been given to these afternoon functions and so little provision made to do more than congregate a mass of human beings.

"The house is always most beautifully decorated, a string band strums throughout the afternoon, at the door stand three or four smiling ladies to receive the guests, tea is passed on into the drawing and dining rooms to amuse oneself as best one may for ten minutes, or an hour, if one chooses. If a man or woman guest be well known at the house, or acknowledges a wide acquaintance among the hostess's friends, all goes well, or as tea is almost the perfect method of entertainment. But I have noticed that at every tea there is a certain set of guests who are friends of the hostess outside her large social circle. Quiet, elderly gentle men and ladies, girls who go out seldom, shy boys and timid matrons, who, once in the noisy, crowded drawing-rooms, glance about with helpless, frightened expressions, are tempted into the dining-room but are too timid to ask for what they may wish, and dare not force an acquaintance for the occasion. For them the hostess should provide. It seems to me, at these teas, a couple or quartette of young girls might be pressed into service. Let the hostess ask a few to come in tea frocks with bare heads and look after the stray lambs wandering through the rooms. A sweet girl can quite fearlessly take all strangers under her wing. A quick eye can easily single out those who are alone and unknown, and a kindly word she can engage their attention, perhaps introduce them about, or see that they are properly attended at the buffet. If every hostess would have such aids as these at her teas she would find her entertainments vastly more successful."

Apropos of Violets

It may be asked, *apropos* of violets, that winter after winter become more and more indispensable to the well-being of flower loving men and women, and of late this year in New York the quantities of blooms sold, who was it that introduced the violet handkerchief? Latterly, when one halted at the florist's to purchase a costly but fragrant cluster of Parma blossoms, a question was asked, "Will madam have a handkerchief with the flowers?"

It was the deft-fingered person who had arranged the purple nosegay took from a basket a handkerchief woven of muslin and bordered apparently with Valenciennes lace an inch or two in breadth, with about the centre of it one would the old-fashioned cut paper-holder.

The muslin trifle is, in reality, as cheaply made as perforated paper holders, and is twisted about the stem and base of violet bouquets to prevent the moist flowers from staining the gloves that hold them, or the bodice to which they may be pinned. A woman who wears violets so long as the woods and florists can supply her with a blossom, confessed the pretty fancy, that her habit of wind one of her own fine handkerchiefs about the violet bouquet she wore or carried, and from her an enterprising flower seller borrowed the idea and gave it to the public.

A Prudent Society Mother.

Daughter—Ma, Mr. Blank proposed to me last night.

Mother—Did you accept him, daughter?

"Yes, mamma."

"Has he any money, daughter?"

"Only $1,500 a year, ma."

"Well, daughter, handle him carefully till spring. Possibly you can pick up something better during the winter."

Books Confidently Expected.

Wholly False, by the author of Half-True Tales.

How to Get Married, Though Single, by the author of How to be Happy, Though Married.

The Grand Central Station, by the author of The Albany Depot.

Jam Satis, by the author of Pax Vobiscum.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

Labor Saving Machines.

The reporter had been interviewing the walking delegate at considerable length. Finally he inquired:

"Do you believe in labor saving machines?"

"No, sir," was the emphatic response.

"Not even in the domain of the household?"

The walking delegate hesitated for a moment for thought.

"Well," he said at last, "I suppose a man might have a wife."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Necessity and Pleasure.

Mrs. Kickerby—Now to get ready for the ball. Oh, dear! these stairs will be the death of me. This is the second time I've climbed them to-day.

Mr. Kickerby (a few hours later, at the ball) "You must be quite tired, my dear, after all this dancing.

Mrs. Kickerby—Oh, dear, no. I've had only thirteen dances, and there are several more to come.

Ginghams.

Along with the violets, blooming in the open air, appears that earliest forerunner of fashions for a balmier season—the gingham. In the larger dry goods shops, where new fashions and fabrics tread on each other's heels, in so rapid succession are they brought out, the new ginghams are just now usurping the place of heavy winter cloths. And this attempt to jog time's elbow with an unseasonable display of spring's symbols is the result of loud demand of the shopman's patrons.

Wardrobes for May and June wear are already under serious contemplation and practical arrangement, and one must, therefore, know in good time what one's ginghams will be. More charming than ever this year they are, if we can judge by the earliest examples displayed. Nothing seen last summer was at all like those brilliant scarlet, cardinal, and dull red in groundwork, sprinkled over with tiny black embroidered sprays.

For every new gingham is embroidered either lavishly or sparingly in lines, open work stripes, dots, and sprays, both large and small. Turquoise blue ginghams are strewn with tiny forget-me-nots in a darker shade of blue and white. Clear pink ones are touched with scarlet sprays, and a particularly pretty one in navy blue is sprinkled with white violets and lily-of-the-valley bells. In the make-up of these materials, quantities of finest white and colored embroidery will be used with blue pure white, cream, and tinted, gray, brown, and black *guipure* lace.

Misses E. & H. Johnston of 122 King street west are now offering a number of dress lengths at a great reduction. We have also a choice selection of the latest novelties in evening wear—silks, embroidered organzines, crepes, etc. Every lady who admires a choice, well fitting gown should inspect our stock.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including the several replies to queries. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address correspondence to Graphologist. Handwriting unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

FRIEND IN NEED—I hope you found something to suit you at the time you wrote. I gave several.

LOTTIE.—Rather a happy-go-lucky individual, fond of a change, and would be quite as happy in one place as anywhere, with faulty judgment, impatient energies and strong if erratic affections, which would be permanently fixed if retained, but capable of fine effort on being urged, would probably be a popular person in society.

GRACE.—Take was between good motherhood, consistent writing, well controlled, rather cultured, with enough ideality and good common sense to balance each other, the latter being strong enough to prevent ideality from becoming affectionate, she is extremely prudent and careful in word and act, of decided opinions, considerable self-esteem, rather tenacious of her rights and with quite a bit of tact and clearness of perception.

BIRMINGHAM.—Prudence, kindness and affection are shown in your writing, you are careful, thoughtful, rather deliberate and of excellent constancy in effort, not very buoyant and of a quick temper, rather vivacious nature, you lack imitation, but have good sense and judgment, a generous and sympathetic mind, though you are of a very emotional. I find you reliable and truthful and should be apt to trust you if occasion offered.

MARGUERITE.—Your handwriting is a surprise lady, shows some ideality, great love of building castles in the air, great energy and impetuosity, great ambition, some love of fun, decision and desire for appreciation, and yet a capricious and fond of change, mirthful, sociable, but discreet. Her energies are sometimes wasted and her self-control wanting, temper good, and affections warm.

NEMO.—You are cranky, but I think I like you better than your fellow study, after all. You are the carelessness, untidy, self-willed man, with candor, love of justice and a certain pig-headed determination about you. You are not particularly ambitious, lack tact and sympathy, have a tendency to despond, lack of buoyancy, but plenty of decision.

SCULLA.—You are very persistent, rather too fond of talking, energetic determination, with ideality, lacking in tact and sympathy but rather clever in getting your own way, careless and independent, rather good-tempered, self-willed, fond of judgment and of a little fun. You are constant and painstaking when you think it is worth your while (that is not often) and you are very particular about people give you credit for, in your estimate of your own perfections. Culture and refined taste is rather weak, also love of the ideal and beauty, but you are capable of improvement when you learn to take time to consider them.

PETITE.—Thanks for your good wish, my little woman (if I write to one I generally find it is a woman, as your coupon! I don't see one, but as your sister did I daresay you did not. I don't quite the impression you give me, little woman. You are ambitious and hopeful, Petite, and though your writing is studied and childish it shows considerable ability, good perception, clear reasoning, good judgment, honesty and love of fun, patience which will wear well, a little pride, love of the beautiful and great modesty are shown. You have some sympathy, taste and tact, and I hope you will succeed in whatever you undertake, Petite.

ELCYSON.—A self-contained, well controlled, strong nature, consistent, constant and cold. You are fond of comfort and luxury, love of the ideal and beauty and your head. Your practical side is well developed, though some imagination and fancy exists, but not a little, too. You are conscientious, but a little cranky; set in your own opinions, which are apt to be conservative, apt to learn, and facile in expression. The sort of man who makes a good business but doesn't often love, however; when the heart accepts which it does very rarely, it will receive the most complete and lasting affection, which I hope you will value as it deserves.

ARSAMUS.—So you want a definition of coquetry? and you want it in the next issue. Did you think you would get it, my patriarchal friend? It is too late now to hand you the meaning which I have in the word in that last year's paper to which you refer. My dictionary defines coquetry as "a flirt in love." I don't believe coquettes understand what love really is; when they do, they cease to coquet, and settle down to business, or keep their coquetries for a sort of recreation, just to pass away time. It is a harmless, frothy, illusionary sort of pastime and is harmless when practised by a vivacious and pretty woman for a bit of fun, but when carried too far, or too long, or too often is repulsive.

A PATIENT WAITER.—Your letter has certainly had a long wait, but better late than not at all, I suppose. If you are selfish, I must candidly confess that there are signs of it, but I rather prefer to think you are unselfish and ambitious. It shows discretion, refinement, ability, perseverance, little sympathy and not much tact, strong temper (which I opt to be your excuse) good head, tenacity and a certain confidence and decision that will stand you in good stead, and careful, though not excessive judgment, and are practical rather than imaginative. I don't see why you shouldn't make a success in the field you choose. You have a little tender temper and a pride which should keep you above any mean or petty actions.

MYSTICA ROSA.—I. Amiability, sense of humor, some ideality, good perception, good judgment, fair perception, love of beauty and probably taste for art. As this writing is very much like Sensitiveness, I hand to judge it by English rules. The writer is vivacious, rather confiding, a little uncertain in purpose and weak in will, though the will is very decided when it does exist, perhaps the nature is dependent, but some lines tell of bright thoughts and ideas. The writing is not always very exactly shown, but it is not marked. I am afraid this delineation is rather contradictory. It has puzzled me until I turned to the end and read the last two sentences. Your letter is a little Irish, but mostly Spanish. The writing exactly shows the blend of a very good nature with a strong temper, with the merry Hibernian. 2. With a patient and appreciative husband you will no doubt be a happy wife, for you have a good share of affection and sense of duty, I think.

DARKEY.—You are a dear brownie, and I am eternally grateful to you for not asking me to answer your letter in the next issue. It is waiting for your two months' hence, which has probably tired your patience somewhat. You are a little of everything, good and bad, and yet a pleasant enough one, and I suppose you are in a disagreeable way, have a fund of good sense and good humor, great vitality, impulsive action, strong sense of the ridiculous, would laugh twenty times to every frown, are original, self-willed, adaptable, sociable and careful in small matters, though you don't pay much attention to them. You are reasonably ambitious, hopeful and a little impatient, decidedly clever, and though you lack self-control and are rather sensitive, you are a good sort. Your two months' trial will show, and I hope you will succeed.

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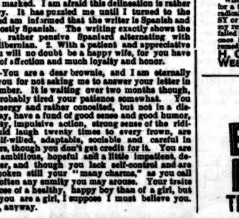


The Bride's Dress

Married in white, you have chosen all right;
Married in gray, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
Married or not, you may have to toil;

BUT FOR RHEUMATISM USE ST. JACOBS OIL.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

Music.

ILATORINESS is a characteristic of fashionable audiences in Toronto, and exhibited itself in all its offensiveness at the Paderewski concert. The beginning of the programme was delayed until 8:30, and through no fault of Messrs. Suckling & Sons. It was simply impossible to commence the concert with empty benches, while it was known that a thousand and a half of people had paid for their seats and would be there eventually. I have said that it was simply impossible, but should rather have used the terms practically impossible, as to have gone on with the evening's appointments would have meant an intolerable tumult while Paderewski was playing, or else the exclusion of hundreds of people, waiting in a cold vestibule. Yet how salutary a lesson would be taught if the managers of two or three first-class entertainments had the courage to close the doors at eight o'clock and open them only between numbers. A few such lessons would establish a rule that our concert-goers would be quick to observe and respect.

Paderewski, with his tawny mane, deep-set gray eyes and thoughtful, sensitive face, is a personality that it is difficult to forget when once seen, and one that has played sad havoc with female hearts in two continents. Yet, as a writer of fact, his appearance is forgotten when he begins to play. His tone is rich and sensuous and never loses its distinctive characteristics, no matter whether he plays piano or forte. Once heard, musicians and music-students can never forget it and will always recognize it, no matter what he may be playing. His technique is simply marvelous; it is fluent, facile, even and easy. His position at the piano is steady and entirely free from any vulgar attempts at emotional or acrobatic display. His reading of his pieces is essentially individualistic, and free from the trammels of conventionality, many traditional interpretations being disregarded. Grace and delicacy, tenderness and feeling, power and dignity, are all blended in the most charming manner. Yet this very freedom and independence of conception cause many to shake their heads when they hear him play Beethoven. The great master is so pure and classic that the super-emotional—might I almost say fantastic—is felt by many to be a desecration, and is resented accordingly. Yet, however much the pianist may condemn, or at least regret, Paderewski's reading of the Waldstein sonata, all who heard it on Friday night admired its poetry and sentiment. As a Chopin player he shines with extraordinary light. Ease and refinement go hand in hand with beautifully adjusted time and tone instructions. Altogether his visit was an event of the greatest importance to the musical atmosphere of the city, and will cause many of our young students to do some hard thinking, some critical introspection, and some humble setting to work to realize the greatness of their art—at least I hope so.

METRONOME.

The Genuine Friendships of Life.

To be rich in friends is to be poor in nothing. It is to possess that infinite reservoir of what may be, for want of a better term, denominated interest in life, in that it predeterminates success in whatever line of achievement one may choose to work. A range of warm and strong friendships creates the magnetic atmosphere that vitalizes every element within its influence, so that it is not that social enjoyments and companionships are in any sense interruptions to specific work, however important, but that they yield instead the very elements out of which it is best created. The genuine friendships of life are largely discovered, not acquired. We find them rather than make. They are predestined relationships, and are recognized intuitively. "We meet—at least those who are true to their instincts meet—a succession of persons through our lives, all of whom have some peculiar errand to us," writes Margaret Fuller. "There is an outer circle whose existence we perceive, but with whom we stand in no real relation. They tell us the news, they act on us in the offices of society, they show us kindness and aversion; but their influence does not penetrate; we are nothing to them, or they to us, except as a part of the world's furniture. Another circle within this are dear and near to us. We know them and of what kind they are. They are not to us mere facts, but intelligible thoughts of the divine mind. We like to see how they are unfolded; we like to meet them and part with them; we like their action upon us, and the pause that succeeds and enables us to appreciate its quality. Often we leave them on our path and return no more, but we bear them in our memory as tales which have been told, and whose meaning has been felt. But yet a nearer group there are, beings born under the same star, and bound with us in a common destiny. They are not mere acquaintances, mere friends, but when we meet are sharers of our very existence. There is no separation; the same thought is given at the same moment to both; indeed, it is born of the meeting, and would not otherwise have been called into existence at all. These not only know themselves more, but are more for having met, and regions of their beings which would else have lain sealed in cold obstruction burst into leaf and bloom, and song. The times of these meetings are fated," she goes on to say, "nor will either one be able ever to meet any other person in the same way." It is one of the paths to success and happiness in life, or rather, it is success and happiness in itself, to be swiftly responsive to impressions of this character, to recognize the angel when he draws near.

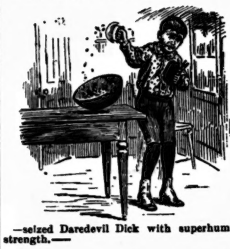
Alice—I say, Jimmy, where's de purcession?
Jimmy—Don't bo'her me. Can't you see I'm on milingtary duty? Why don't yer read de papers an' keep posted?

Dickens touched the deeper truth in this relation when he wrote that the people who have to do with us, and we with them, are drawing near; that our paths, from whatever distant quarters of the globe they start, are converging; and that all that is set for them to do for us, and for us to do for them, will all be done.

How Johnny Chopped Mince Meat

AND READ A DIME NOVEL AT THE SAME TIME—AND HOW IT WASN'T A BRILLIANT SUCCESS.

"The infuriated maniac—



—seized Daredevil Dick with superhuman strength.—

—Together they struggled nearer and nearer the brink,—

—until with a shriek he forced our hero over the precipice—

—and in deadly embrace they fell—down—down—dow—" "Why, Johnny!"

An Assignment.

"Mr. Collum," said the city editor to one of his reporters, "do you drink?"
"No, sir."
"I wish you would acquire the liquor habit, for I want you to make a personal test of one of the new specifics for drunkenness and write it up in good style."

Money in His Pocket.

Blenstein (meeting his son as he returns from Europe)—Ikey, I vas sorry dot ship vas delayed by shtorms.
Ikey—Fader, don'd mention it. I got four days' board fur nuttings.

In Chicago.

Mrs. Porkchops—Arthur, I received another note from our eastern relatives just begging us to pay them a visit. What can it all mean? They never noticed us before.
Mr. Porkchops—They must intend coming to the World's Fair, and they think we believe in reciprocity.

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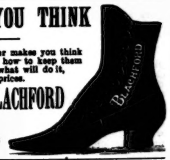

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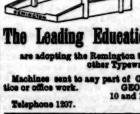

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

day evening, and assembled at their home to tender congratulations to the clever young artist, on his thirtieth anniversary. A very bright evening was spent in conversation, and Mr. Ahrens' promising picture, now in progress to completion, was criticized and admired. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Hynds, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Baumann, Mrs. Denison, Miss MacLean, Miss Maud Carter, Messrs. Smythe, Charlesworth, Rolph, Sam Jones, Biehn, Carter, Wilkinson, Stone and others.

•

Mrs. Dickson's reception last Saturday, for the Wednesday Musical Club, was a most enjoyable affair. A large number of ladies attended, and the spacious and comfortable residence of the principal, as well as the whole building of Upper Canada College, provoked many admiring remarks. Miss Alice Cummings of Hamilton played a beautiful selection; Miss Bonsall and others sang and played an informal programme, and Mrs. Dickson's well known cordiality diffused itself through the whole party.

•

Mrs. Edward Fisher of Wilton Crescent gave a tea on Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Maud Howe.

•

Appreciative folk, who are tired of the soda watery productions of the past few weeks at the theaters, enjoyed the powerful acting of R. D. MacLean, who played at the Academy this week. It came like a glass of good wine, after the aforesaid light refreshments. On Wednesday evening I noticed in the boxes, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick and in the stalls a fair assembly of smart people.

•

Mrs. E. W. Cox of Isabella street gave a very smart lunch party on Friday of last week. The *menu* and table decorations were unusually *recherche*. Some of Mrs. Cox's guests were: Mrs. G. H. Gooderham, Miss Rose, Mrs. C. Brown, Mrs. Fred Cox, Mrs. Warwick, the Misses Duggan, Jacobi and Dixon.

•

Mrs. B. Kelly of Smith's Falls is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. Lattimer Kerr of Jarvis street.

•

Miss Annie Parker, daughter of ex-Mayor Parker of Woodstock, was the guest this week of Miss McMahon.

•

Miss Phemie Smith has returned from a charming visit to Montreal.

•

Mrs. Johnson of Bloor street east gave a lovely young people's party last Saturday from 4 to 11 o'clock.

•

Mrs. Cleverly of London, Eng., is visiting Madame Boscovitz of 25 Oxford street.

•

Mrs. E. Strachan Cox gives a young people's party next Saturday from 4 to 11 o'clock. Miss Evelyn Cox, whose grace and gentleness are so well known, will doubtless make a most charming young hostess.

•

Mr. Jack King is to be entertained this evening to a farewell dinner at McConkey's by a number of his bachelor friends, who will take this means of bestowing their good wishes upon the occasion of Mr. King's approaching marriage. Among the well-wishers are Dr. Fred Capon, Messrs. M. J. Taylor, R. Witterson, George Rose, McIntyre, Cherry and others.

•

Miss Howe is the guest of Mrs. Edward Fisher during her stay in Toronto.

•

Mrs. Ross Robertson gives a tea on Thursday next.

•

An organ recital and concert was given in Broadway tabernacle on Thursday, February 11, by the pupils of Miss Norma Reynolds and Messrs. Donville and Torrington. The violin playing of Mr. Wellsman, Mr. Donville's leading pupil, was particularly fine. The concert was directed by Prof. Torrington.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Bingham entertained about sixty friends at their residence, corner of Bloor street and Spadina avenue, on Thursday last.

•

A very great success was the result of the Harmony Club's efforts to present the pretty opera of the Beggar Student, the latter part of last week. The Opera House was filled with an interested and appreciative audience, and everything went off in the most satisfactory manner. Miss Minnie Gaylord's singing and acting were most sweet and artistic. Miss Lash looked a perfect picture in her rich and becoming gown, and little Miss Harper was a decided revelation. Her popularity grew with every appearance, and her sweet little solo, near the close of the opera, was most naive and beautiful. Miss Sybil Seymour made a charming Eva. The drinking chorus, with the pretty Polish episode of apostrophizing and drinking from the bride's tiny slipper, by each of the principal guests in turn, was at once a charming tableau and a graceful and tuneful number. Encores were, as usual, numerous, but in this case they were richly deserved, especially in the numbers above quoted, and the duet, Let Us Suppose, between the bride and groom elect. Mr. Beddoe made a very handsome Pretender, and Mr. Kirk a fine Janitsky. The comic element was admirably supplied by Mr. Rochester and Mr. Dunstan, not to mention the small lieutenant who had more pocket money than he could take care of. The whole opera ran smoothly and was not marred by amateurish eccentricities. The singing of God Save the Queen at the end was a very incongruous though well meant bit of patriotism, and the variety of pitch between the orchestra and the chorus was too heartrending for any thing. It sent us all home grinning, however, and detracted nothing from the success of the opera, which was surely gratifying to the officers of the club, the caste and their painstaking, and able conductor, Herr Schuch.

•

Mrs. Aylmer, a lady who has been for some months a resident of Toronto, has attracted the attention and admiration of all lovers of skating by her extreme proficiency and grace in that pastime. Skating is brought to great perfection in Halifax, which was Mrs. Aylmer's home until recently, and I welcome her to Toronto as an able exponent of what pretty things may be done on ice.

•

On Monday week the Grenadiers give the last of their series of dances. Society owes to the gallant redcoats a hearty vote of thanks for their generous and delightful hospitality of the last two seasons, in which they have demonstrated most charmingly that "Peace hath her victories as well as War."

•

Young people's parties are all the rage this season. These sensible and delightful reunions of the pretty girls and light-footed boys who are not yet "out," have given a great deal of pleasure to the young folk mentioned. A very pleasant affair of this sort was given by Mrs. Ivey of Carlton street on Saturday week.

•

Cards are out for the At Home of the Toronto Typographical Union next Monday evening, which will be held at Webb's. What printers don't know is not worth knowing, and they have shown their knowledge of how to arrange a very pleasant evening by the programme which has been settled upon for Monday next.

•

On the afternoon of Tuesday, February 9, a very pretty wedding took place in St. Thomas' Church, Millbrook, the contracting parties being Miss Evelyn Burton, one of Millbrook's social favorites, and Mr. W. A. Smith, barrister of Kingsville. Long before the hour set for the ceremony, those anxious to witness it gathered at the church, the guests being conducted by the ushers, Mr. Taylor Wood and Dr. H. A. Turner, to seats reserved for them by a barrier of white ribbon stretched across the aisle. The approach to the church over which the bride was to pass from the carriage, was carpeted. Shortly before the hour fixed the organ pealed forth, and at the same time the groom accompanied by his brother, Mr. Sydney S. Smith of Portage la Prairie, Man., appeared and took up a position at the chancel steps. Almost immediately a general hum of expectancy announced the approach of the bride, who appeared on the arm of her brother, Mr. Fred G. Burton, and accompanied by the bridesmaids, Miss Howden of Port Hope, Miss Lillian Burton, sister of the bride, and Miss Wood of Millbrook. The bride looked very pretty in a simple gown of white surah silk, and carried a bunch of magnificent white roses. The bridesmaids were prettily attired in costumes of white serge, and carried white hyacinths and lilies. The beautiful marriage service of the Episcopal church was rendered in a most impressive manner by Ven. Archdeacon Allen, assisted by Rev. W. Cartwright Allen, the choir rendering the beautiful hymn, The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden, and appropriate chants. The ceremony over, the bridal party retired to the vestry to sign the register, and shortly afterwards reappeared and proceeded down the aisle to the carriages in waiting, while the organist, Mrs. W. C. Allen, played the enlivening strains of the Wedding March. A reception was afterwards held at the residence of the bride's mother and the happy couple received the congratulations of their friends. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents. The happy couple took the evening train for the east.

•

On Tuesday evening a party was given by Mrs. A. Wood of Millbrook. The large and spacious rooms were filled by a happy throng of merry dancers. Supper was served about midnight. Among the guests present we noticed the following: Mr. and Mrs. Sanford of Barrie, Mrs. and Miss Howden, and Mr. D. H. Chisholm of Port Hope, Miss Roddick of Cobourg, Mr. Sydney S. Smith of Portage la Prairie, Man Mr. and Mrs. C. Needler, Misses Burton, Fitzgerald, Booth, Russell, Hunter, Eakins, Vance, Needler, Fair, and Messrs. G. M. Vance, J. A. Vance, Dr. H. A. Turner, Dr. Niddrie, Dr. S. W. Clarke, R. Ruddy, J. A. V. Preston, H. Hunter, H. Johnston, A. T. Elliot and J. Eakins.

•

On Wednesday evening of last week a most enjoyable progressive euchre party was given at Carnamona, Hazelton avenue, the residence of Mrs. S. Campbell. Mr. W. E. Ramsay, the genial humorist, contributed largely to the evening's pleasure by rendering a number of his popular songs, as did also Miss Baker, elocutionist, who recited a couple of very clever selections.

•

The Ven. Archdeacon Allen of Peterborough and Mrs. Allen are the guests of Mrs. Norman Allen, 108 Carlton street.

•

Invitations are out for the entertainment at the School of Science, which was postponed from this week, and will take place on Wednesday, February 24.

•

The convention and reception last week of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew was a very great success, and the visitors as well as the hosts feel that nothing was left undone to make the occasion memorable. The guest *par excellence* was Bishop Leonard of Ohio, who made many friends by his bright and genial manner.

•

In the death of William Hewes Oliphant, which occurred on the 11th inst., Toronto has lost one of her brightest and most promising young doctors. Six weeks ago he contracted a severe attack of la grippe, and came from his sick room to resume professional work too soon. The death of the late Sir Adam Wilson, who was stricken with paralysis in Dr. Oliphant's office, together with his recent illness, had shaken the doctor's nervous system and caused a relapse. For the last two weeks he suffered intensely but retained consciousness up to the last. In the early part of his illness his father, Dr. D. S. Oliphant, attended him, but he became ill and Drs. Hearn and Howitt took charge. He continued to grow worse, and the Tuesday preceding his death Drs. Strange, Grassett, Aikens and Graham were called in. He seemed to get somewhat better under their treatment, but his system was too far gone to rally and early Thursday morning he began to sink rapidly and died at eleven o'clock. Dr. Oliphant was born in New Orleans, but has lived in Toronto nearly all his life. He belonged to the homœopathic school and his abilities and services were most highly esteemed. He was M. B. and Licentiate of King's and Queen's Colleges of Physicians of Dublin, Ireland, and was the youngest member ever elected to a seat in the Medical Council of Ontario. The circle of his acquaintance was large, and his removal will be very deeply regretted by all who knew his sterling qualities of head and heart. The doctor was married but left no children living, and much sympathy is expressed for his widow and parents. The funeral took place from his late residence, 569 Spadina avenue, last Saturday afternoon to St. James' cemetery and was largely attended.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer will leave Toronto in May for extended travel in England and the Continent.

•

Mrs. McKinnon, of Montreal, is the guest of Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, who gave a large dinner party last evening in her honor.

•

Mr. E. Jackson Sanford of Hamilton goes south next week to bring home a bride from the city of Knoxville, Tennessee. I am told the marriage will take place next Thursday. Mr. Sanford Evans of Hamilton and Dr. E. H. Robinson of Toronto accompany Mr. Sanford on this pleasant occasion.

•

A fine course of French lectures begins next Monday at four o'clock on the famous literary men of France. Eleven lectures are in this course, which, including as it does sketches of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Madame de Stael and many other well known people of genius, cannot but be interesting to the cultured folk of Toronto. The lectures are given in the rooms of the Ingres Coutellier schools, where full particulars may be obtained.

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Art and Artists.

I heard something this week about a certain gentleman who made a great deal of money in Toronto real estate, and stood from under in time, and who has since been searching the cellars of Europe for pieces of stone which happen to have historical significance. Knowing the gentleman's weakness for rocks, adorned and unadorned (and literal and metaphorical I might add), a certain Canadian sculptor suggested that a bust of himself by a Canadian might be interesting to place in his mansion among his European trophies. The man of wealth replied something after the following fashion: "Were Canadian art equal to Italian art or English art, nay, were it greater than either, I should still patronize the Italian. Such prestige goes with it, doncherknow." The reader may find a moral for himself.

•

Robert Harris, R. C. A., of Montreal, is in Toronto and working on a portrait of the Hon. Oliver Mowat.

•

At the last meeting of the O. S. A. a resolution of condolence on the death of the late Mr. Berthon was passed. At the same meeting Mr. Griffiths, of London, was elected a life member.

•

It has been decided to open the O. S. A.'s spring exhibition on March 23, immediately after the close of the Royal Canadian Academy's exhibition at Montreal. Next week, relative to this, I may have something to say on the subject of hanging committees.

•

The Woman's Art Club controversy still booms away. I do not think that the first disgusting letter was written by an O. S. A. man—of good standing, at least. The attempt of one of the correspondents to fasten the stigma of the attack on any prominent artist who happened to go to the exhibition with a friend was particularly silly. For instance, O. R. Jacobi, president of the R. C. A., did the exhibition "with a friend," W. A. Sherwood, and both spoke well of it. I myself, too, did the exhibition with a prominent artist who first came to the defence of the W. A. C. under the pen name of A. R. C. A. If artists are to be accused in such a general way because of the crime of doing the exhibition "with a friend," it will be unsafe in future for them to go and see the pictures of Vera and her friends.

•

Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, R. C. A., has been asked to compete for the memorial of Sir John A. Macdonald, to be placed in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

•

Mr. Carl Ahrens, A. R. C. A., is now at work on another large child picture, the study of which has been sold for a good price, and resold for double the purchase money.

•

The Gaelic Society has this week presented to one of its prominent members, Mr. J. D. Fraser of the *Mail*, a fine portrait of himself, by W. A. Sherwood, A. R. C. A. Mr. Sherwood has also completed a good portrait of Mr. Charles Long of the *Empire*.

•

T. Mower Martin, R. C. A., on Thursday night delivered a lecture on The Poet and The Painter at the monthly evening of the O. S. A. Mr. O. A. Howland was in the chair.

•

Mr. J. W. L. Forster, A. R. C. A., has delivered several lectures in his well known style recently. CHAD.

The Mountebanks.

In last week's issue the magnificent Heigh Jerry Ho chorus from the above named opera was reprinted and erroneously credited to The Gondoliers. This chorus is the most successful thing of the kind produced in the last five years and the copyright thereon is held by J. Suckling & Sons.

Out of Town.

LONDON.

London society has been on the *qui vive* of expectancy since January 20 when Mrs. Smallman's invitations for a ball to be given at the Tecumseh House were sent out. Owing to Mr. Smallman's sudden illness, Mrs. Smallman was obliged to postpone her dance until the evening of Tuesday, February 9, when the pleasure so long delayed was fully realized and the dance was a grand success. The arrangements were complete in every particular, and no detail conducive to the general comfort and pleasure forgotten when in the hands of such a well known caterer as Mr. Davis of the Tecumseh House. Among the guests I noticed Mrs. Anderson Mrs. Hyman, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Hyman, Mr. and Mrs. G. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. McDonaugh, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, Mr. and Mrs. Cutler land, Mr. and Mrs. E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. McWhinney, Mr. and Mrs. Gates, Mr. and Mrs. Ray, Major and Mrs. Beattie, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brown, Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, Capt. and Mrs. Dennison, Dr. and Mrs. Buck, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hyman, Mr. and Mrs. Macfie, Mr. and Mrs. Labatt, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Masweet, Mr. and Mrs. Edge, Col. and Mrs. Smith, Capt. and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Duffield, Mr. and Mrs. Crump, Mr. and Mrs. Weld, Mr. and Mrs. Shanley, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. F. Wedder, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Walton Hyman, Capt. and Mrs Wadmore, Dr. and Mrs. Drake, Dr. and Mrs. Beamer, the Misses Chisholm, Gardner, Macbeth, K. and L. Labatt, Kibby, E. and K. Hutchinson, Widder, Zimmerman, Nelles, Murray, Park, Paul, Vinger, F. and N. Macbeth, Johnson, O'Reilly, Cameron, Martin, Tilly, Harris, Buck, Hyman, Masure and Edge; among the gentlemen were: Major Smith, Drs. Weld, Ross and Wilson and Messrs. Beck, Kilgour, Richardson, Nelles, Stevenson, Gordon, Sheriff, Cooper, Lightbourne, Becher Macbeth, W. Smith, Blackburn, Purdom, Scatcherd, Graydon, Complin, Buckland, King, Arkie, Hungerford, Gillespie, H. Brown, N. P. Graydon, Marshall, Todd, Chadwick, Nelles, Gunn, Cox, Macdonald, Blackburn, Meredith, Pratt, Johnson, Rush, M. Graydon, Robinson, and Charlton. Mrs. Smallman looked charming, and her graciousness and kindly manner made her a perfect hostess; her dress was of heavy mouse grosgrain, handsomely trimmed with velvet and pearls, with a diamond necklace, which was greatly admired. Mrs. T. Beattie wore cream satin and diamonds; Mrs. G. Shanley had a pretty gown of white satin and steel fringe; a cream gown with a handsome train of pink and pink and cream brocade worn by Mrs. Willie Hyman, was much admired. One particularly handsome and pretty dress was worn by Miss Blanche Widder of Goderich. Miss O'Reilly of Hamilton looked well in a pretty white dress with red trimmings, as did also Miss Masweet, in a white silk dress heavily brocaded with clover blossoms; Miss Ethel Hutchinson's white gown trimmed with white lilacs was exceedingly becoming; also, Miss Zimmerman's dress was most effective, being white trimmed with fur. Dancing was kept up with great spirit until about three o'clock, when each and all felt the long expected pleasure was only too short.

R. SCORE & SON

77 KING STREET WEST

We beg to announce that we will open

A Ladies' Tailoring Department

ON THURSDAY, MARCH 10

We have remodeled and fitted up the rooms over our store, and have engaged the services of one of the most accomplished and tasteful cutters of London.

Our Mr. R. J. Score is now in England, and has purchased a full line of WOOLLENS and TRIMMINGS especially designed for Ladies' Garments.

For the first time Canadian ladies can now provide themthemselves with

GOWNS JACKETS, HABITS, ETC.

in the best style and in perfect accord with the requirements of fashion. R. SCORE & SON

77 KING STREET WEST

Her Cruelty.

Maude—Congratulate me, Clara, I engaged.

Clara—Well, you've been might quick about it. Here it is only the second week of leap-year.

Taking Comfort.

Mrs. Hillaire—You seem to get along nicely on your alimony.

Mrs. Grease—Yes, indeed. I used to so hate asking my husband for pin-money. Now, when I see anything I like I can buy it without feeling I'm extravagant.

German Gems.

Uf all der shackazes vos got long ears der average height of der hooman race vould peen increased oder two feet.

It vos easier to go droo a camel's eye mit a needle as to blow a millionaire's bocket-pook oben mit dynamite.

Der shmardest eagle dot efer fly in der shky got to come down to de croundt for his poard und lodging, ain'd it?

Den vhy shouldt ve for riches sigh
Off vortless vealth, vos useless gain?
Der man dot eats der biggest pie
Vas only got a larger pain.

The Farmer's Pleasant Life

Boston Girl (to Uncle James)—Do you like living on a farm?

Uncle James—Yes, I like it very much.

Boston Girl—I suppose you like it well enough in the grand summer time, but to go out in the cold and snow to gather winter apples and harvest winter wheat, I imagine might be anything but pleasant.

Nautical Item.

"Yes," said Jones, "when my wife gets mad she reminds me of a vessel under way."

"How so?" inquired Smith.

"Because she's got her rancor up."

No Use Trying.

Old Friend—I have it on good authority that your daughter has determined to marry young Fastfello. You must prevent it.

Mr. Meeke—I can't.

Old Friend—You are her father.

Mr. Meeke—That's it. She's a woman, and I'm only a man.

We notice the sale this week of Page & Page's wholesale stock of ladies' underwear to Mr. McKendry, 202 Yonge street, at 60c. on the $. This firm have always had a reputation for making the best goods in their line, and we have no doubt our lady readers will be able to secure bargains at McKendry's store.

THREE Pozzoni's POINTS

COMPLEXION

POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.

THREE Tints, Flesh, Brunette. POZZONI'S All Druggists and Fancy Stores. TINTS

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

The Celebrated

CHOCOLAT MENIER

Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.

For Samples sent Free write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLOU, MONTREAL.

Gastronomic Item.

Jones—A queer thing happened in New York the other day. A horse stole three pies from a baker's wagon and ate them.

Smith—I would like to have seen that baker. He must have been astonished.

"Astonished! He was furious. He was desperate."

"Why, what about? The loss of the pies?"

"No; of the horse! It was his own horse that stole the pies. It was the only one he had."

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and 166 Carlton Street

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Easily taken by invalids and children, and readily assimilated by the weakest stomach.

Physicians who have attended a sample now on exhibition under the microscope at

Bingham's Pharmacy, 100 Yonge St.

Pronounce it to be the finest extant.

Contains more Pure Cod Liver Oil than any other Emulsion on the market.

$1.00 SIZE, 75c.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

EDWARDS—At Toronto, Jan. 26, 1892, Mrs. R. J. Edwards—a son.

McLACHLAN—Jan. 27, Mrs. A. W. McLachlan—a son.

BEATT—Feb. 10, Mrs. John W. Beatt—twin sons.

GREENE—Feb. 11, Mrs. H. V. Greene—a son.

GIBSON—Feb. 5, Mrs. Goodwin Gibson—a son.

KELK—Feb. 9, Mrs. F. Kelk—a daughter.

NASH—Feb. 11, Mrs. Wm. Nash—a daughter.

CLARKE—Feb 12, Mrs. George L. Clarke—a son.

Marriages.

SMITH—BURTON—On Feb. 9, W. A. Smith, Barrister Kingsville, to Evelyn Burton of Millbrook.

DIGHT—RAKIN—Feb. 10, J. H. Dight to Clara B. Rakin.

PRUDHOMME—McLELLAN—Feb. 10, Charles Prudhomme to Minnie McLellan.

SHAW—O'HARA—Feb. 4, Duncan W. Shaw to Mary Isabel O'Hara.

PROSSOR—HARRISON—Feb. 3, Henry Prossor to Henrietta Jamieson.

TYHURST—HARRISON—Feb. 9, Edward Tyhurst to Mary Harrison.

GIBB—STEPHEN—Feb. 10, Alfred Oliver Gibb to Margaret Stephen.

Deaths.

PATERSON—Feb. 6, Agnes Paterson, aged 58.

GIBBS—Feb. 13, Charles Gibbs, aged 72.

McLAREN—Feb. 10, James McLaren.

HARRIS—Feb. 14, Eliza Jane Harris, aged 26.

BUELEY—Feb. 15, Susan Buttley, aged 76

MEREDITH—Feb. 12, Henry H. Meredith, aged 77.

GARLAND—Feb. 14, Duncan Garland, aged 50.

WEIR—Feb. 13, Mary Frances Weir, aged 46.

HAYES—Feb. 3, Rosie M. H. Weiss.

HALL—Feb. 13, Willie Hall, aged 1.

DAVIDSON—Feb. 13, Rev. John Davidson, aged 59.

THORSON—Feb 12, Jean Greig Jackson, aged 29.

RUTHERFORD—Feb., William E. Rutherford, aged 24.

STONE—Feb. 10, Eliza Stone.

CREIGHTON—Feb. 10, Rev. Kennedy Creighton, aged 77.

DONOHUE—Feb. 11, Francis Donohue, aged 70.

MULDREW—Feb. 11, Marjorie Muldrew.

OLIPHANT—Feb. 11, William H. Oliphant, aged 33.

READ—Feb. 10, James Read aged 65.

PEASE—Feb. 11, Charles F. Pease, aged 23.

McLEOD—Feb. 3, Mary McLeod, aged 84.

NEILSON—Feb. 3, Jane Neilson, aged 79.

SNEATH—Feb. 10, John Sneath, aged 60.

SANDERSON—Feb. 9, Herbie Sanderson, aged 14.

LYE—Feb 11, Henry Daniel Lye, aged 68.

IRVINE—Feb. 1, May Irvine, aged 18.

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THIS MONTH

As an assistance to reducing our stock we will during this month of December offer the whole of our large assortment of Brass Goods, in Fire Irons, Coal Hods, Umbrella Stands, Andirons, Lamps, etc., Jelly Moulds, Tongue Moulds, Agate Ware, Copper Ware and all other description of household necessities at a 25 per cent. discount. The stock is splendidly assorted and new. With this reduction off our already low prices there can be no question as to their being lower than ever before offered in this city. "Around the Corner" is already so well known that it is only necessary to make this intimation to ensure a call from every intending purchaser.

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